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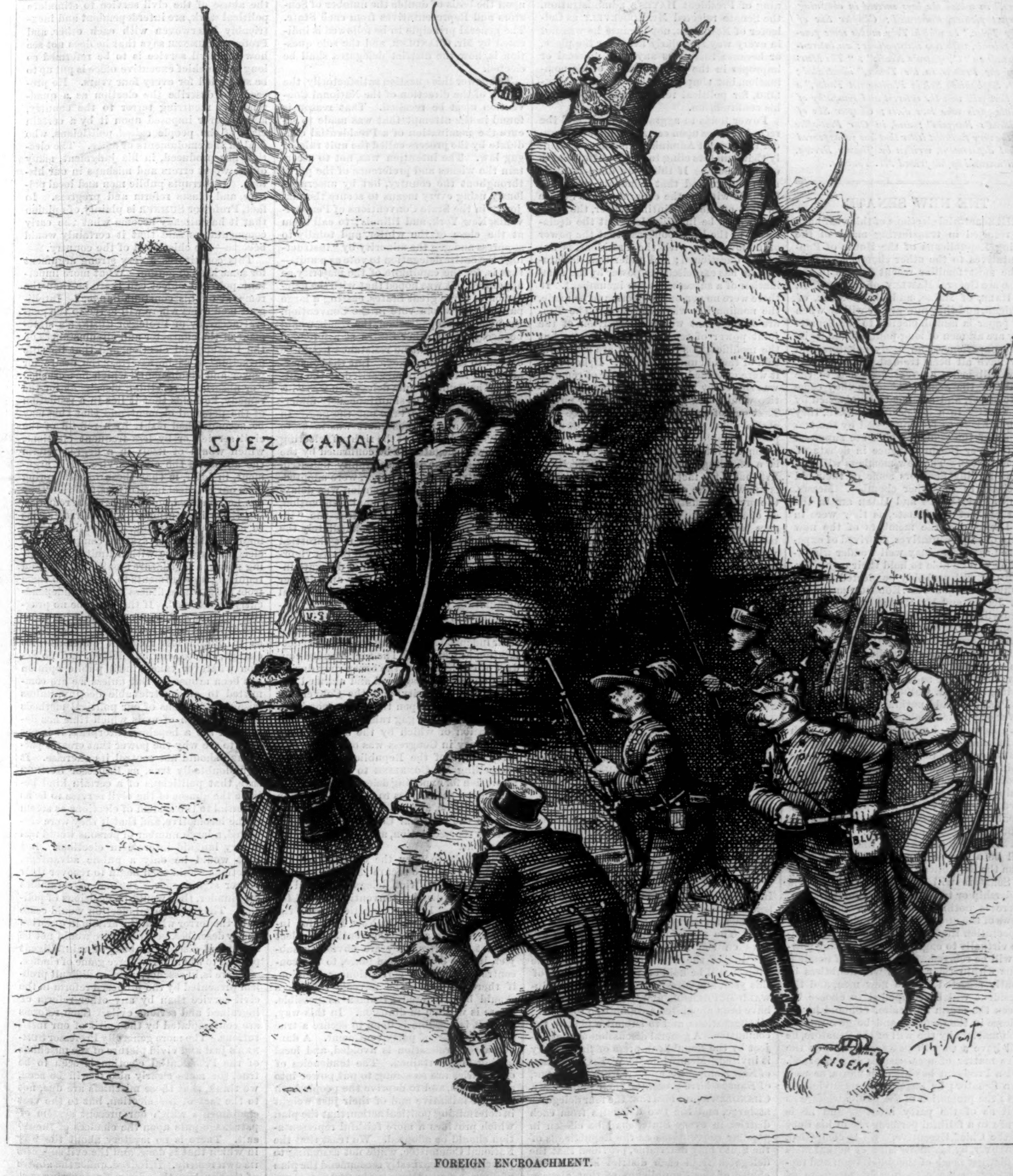


FOREIGN ENCROACHMENT.

"Suppose the United States should undertake to control the Suez Canal, *what would Europe do about it?*"—U. S. Grant.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.

NOTICE.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the bound volume of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for* 1880 *is entirely out of stock, and will not be reprinted at present.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 64 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued January* 18, *contains as a frontispiece a spirited drawing of a Dutch Ice Scene; "Who Got the Mitten?" a charming and true story, by* ROSE TERRY COOKE; *Part II. of "The Young Tin-Typers," in which the boys succeed in obtaining a perfect picture, illustrated; Chapter Six of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby makes some powerful friends, with two illustrations; an interesting article on "Cleopatra's Needle"; "The Murder of the Princes in the Tower," illustrated; "Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor," a story that will win the interest and sympathy of all little girls who love dolls; Chapter Six of "Mildred's Bargain"; and, in Our Post-office Box, the very funniest letter that has yet appeared in that department, written by Jimmy Brown, and illustrated by his friend Mr. Travers.*

THE NEW SENATE.

THE Senatorial elections of this year have resulted in transferring many of the leading Republicans of the House of Representatives to the other chamber. Three of the most familiar recent figures in the House are General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, Mr. HALE, of Maine, and Mr. CONGER, of Michigan, and they now are, or will be when this paper is issued, elected to the Senate. They are all men of long political and legislative experience, and ready debaters, and they have all been trained to public life. They will bring a great accession to the ability of the Senate. And as they come all together, and are not to be abashed by any novelty in a legislative position, they are less likely to be suppressed by the traditions of the Senate, which are supposed not to favor the prominence in debate of new members. The new members will find among leading Senators some of their old associates in the other chamber. Messrs. BLAINE and DAWES and HOAR are in the front rank of the Senate, as they were in the House, and the members of the new House of Representatives, deprived of experienced associates, may well wonder whether they will be able to hold their own. Mr. SHERMAN will probably be elected Senator in Ohio; and should Mr. ROBESON succeed in New Jersey, and Mr. HARRISON in Indiana, there will be a still further addition of ability and experience. Mr. MILLER, of California, has a good local reputation, but has yet to show his qualities upon the national field. The success of the machine has resulted in New York, so far as the Senate is concerned, in giving Mr. CONKLING two votes, for Mr. PLATT can add nothing to the debating power or political independence of the Senate. It is stated very generally, and with an indefinable air of credibility, that Mr. BLAINE will be Secretary of State in the cabinet of General GARFIELD. Should the report be correct, the Senate will lose a well-equipped debater, whose place would be supplied probably by Mr. FRYE, who, should he remain in the House, would be doubtless the Republican leader or Speaker.

This survey shows that the new Senate will be a very able and experienced body upon the Republican side, and that no group of Senators will be likely to absorb the leadership or to control the Administration. There is nothing, however, in the known views of the new Senators which justifies an expectation that the tendencies of the Senate virtually to engross the appointing power will be relaxed. The control of nominations within their States will doubtless be stoutly asserted by the new men, and the President will be compelled to choose between the storm and calm. Should he acquiesce in the demand and be governed in such matters by the will of the Senators, he will have a smooth passage, so far as the mere matter of nominations is concerned. But a President has his own views, as well as a Senator; he has his own convictions as to the promotion of the public welfare as well as of the party interest, and he is sworn to a faithful performance of his duty as the Chief Executive. He is compelled, moreover, by his knowledge of actual facts to distrust much of the solicitation and representation made to him by members of Congress, Senators as well as Representatives. The condition of a smooth passage is a surrender which the President is naturally indisposed to make. There is, therefore, the possibility of a contest inherent in the situation. It is, indeed, a constitutional possibility, because the completion of the Executive power of appointment is made dependent upon the consent of the Senate. Pushed to an extreme, this provision of the Constitution produces a dead lock. The Senate has adopted a practice, not of judging Executive nominations upon their merits, but by the wishes of the Senators from the State concerned. There is no remedy if both Executive and Senate should persist in differing. An important judgeship once remained vacant for more than a year because the President would not nominate a candidate who was dictated by the Senator from the State. No appointment could be made until a person was found who was unobjectionable—not on public or personal grounds—both to the President and to the Senator. So in New York, at the beginning of President HAYES's administration, the Senate rejected Mr. ROOSEVELT as Collector of New York, not because he was not in every way singularly fitted for the place, or because there was anything unusual or improper in the circumstances of his nomination, but simply because Senator CONKLING, for political reasons, was opposed to his confirmation.

Power tends to aggrandize itself, and the record of votes upon certain nominations under the present Administration shows plainly that Senators cling to the doubtful usages of their body. If this were done frankly, upon the ground that removals could not be made without the consent of the Senate as part of the appointing power, the position would be intelligible. But the declaration of the First Congress, that the power of removal lies with the President, is not openly questioned; and under that declaration he has exercised the power by the nomination of a successor to the incumbent. If there were no personal objection to be made, the nomination was confirmed. The Tenure-of-office Act was a re-assertion of the joint power of removal in the Senate, but the modifications of that act are a restoration of the old understanding. If, however, it were conceded that the power of removal was shared by the Senate, the present practice would be a gross abuse of that power. That one of the chief functions of the Senate should depend for its exercise, not upon public considerations, but upon the personal whim and interest of a member of the body, is a startling and dangerous proposition. Yet that is the fact, under the practice which is known as the courtesy of the Senate. In the present situation of the party, the marked change in the character of the Senate is sure to produce important results. If, for instance, the Senatorial election in Pennsylvania should merely "double" Mr. CAMERON, as in New York it has doubled Mr. CONKLING, the new Executive would be confronted with the necessity either of asserting in New York and Pennsylvania a reasonable independence, relying upon the support of the patriotic sentiment of the country and of his party, or of furnishing weapons to break his own head. This is a situation which a thoroughly trained politician of long experience like the new President may be trusted fully to comprehend.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATION IN NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

THE last National Republican Convention directed that the Republican National Committee

> "shall, within the next twelve months, prescribe methods or rules for the selection of delegates to the National Convention to be held in 1884, announce the same to the country, and issue a call for that Convention in conformity therewith, provided that such methods or rules shall include and secure to the several Congressional districts in the United States the right to elect their own delegates to the National Convention."

In July last the committee invited the transmission to them of suggestions of methods for carrying the direction into effect. The time for such transmission expires on the 1st of February, and a full meeting of the committee to consider the subject will be held on the 5th of March of this year, and Messrs. W. E. CHANDLER, EDWARD MCPHERSON, and GEORGE C. GORHAM have been appointed a committee to receive all suggestions, and to submit a plan to the committee. A general discussion of the subject by the Republican press of the country is invited. Meanwhile Mr. W. E. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, and Mr. JOHN A. MARTIN, of Kansas, have presented their plans. Mr. CHANDLER's provides that the four delegates at large, and the two delegates from each district in every State, shall be chosen in popular conventions as the Republicans of the State may determine, provided that the delegates from each district shall be the choice of the Republicans of that district. The conventions within the States shall be held at least one month before the assembling of the National Convention, and notice of contests shall be furnished to the National Committee for action by the National Convention, and the order of priority of reception of notice by the committee shall give similar precedence in consideration by the Convention. Mr. MARTIN, of Kansas, proposes that, besides the four delegates at large and two district delegates, each State shall have, as additional delegates at large, one delegate for every 12,000 Republican votes polled for President in 1880, or fraction of over one-half that number. This last proposition seems to be unwise, for two reasons: first, that the National Convention is already large enough, and stands upon a basis of equal representation; second, that the additional delegates at large give opportunity for the hugger-muggering which it was the intention of the direction of the National Convention to avoid. There is no good reason for increasing the delegate representation, nor for changing its distribution upon the basis of double the number of Senators and Representatives from each State. The general principle to be followed is indicated by Mr. CHANDLER, and the sole question is, how the district delegates shall be elected.

To answer this question satisfactorily, the reason of the direction of the National Convention must be recalled. That reason is found in the attempt that was made to secure the nomination of a Presidential candidate by the process called the unit rule, or gag law. The intention was, not to ascertain the wishes and preference of the party throughout the country, but by unscrupulously using every means to secure the majority in the State Conventions of Pennsylvania, New York, and Illinois; to call them at the close of the winter, and totally to suppress and gag the minority by "instructing" the entire delegation to vote as a unit—that is, for the candidate of the majority so appointed. It was hoped that with the delegation of three great States, casting a large part of the whole vote in the Convention, thus yoked and padlocked, the result would be accepted in other States as a foregone conclusion, and that no resistance would be offered to the conspiracy. But the conspiracy itself fortunately miscarried at the outset. The Pennsylvania delegation was "instructed," but it was simultaneously understood that it would take out the gag. In New York a strenuous effort was made to deprive the districts of the right of selecting their own delegates, to be confirmed by the Convention, but it was happily defeated. The "instructions," however, were adopted. In Illinois the State Convention was delayed to the eve of the National Convention, and after a tremendous contest the "instructions" were imposed. Immediately the Republican press which was not throttled by the machine in the several States vigorously discussed the question of delegate instruction, and exposed its folly and danger as defeating the very object of a national nominating Convention. Before the Convention met, several of the delegates in New York and Pennsylvania quietly declared their independence. They renewed the declaration at Chicago. The high-handed conduct of the leaders of the conspiracy during the Convention disgusted and alarmed the Republican majority, and the Convention passed judgment upon the plot to nominate a President by the gag rule—the attempted application of which by the slave-driving Democracy in Congress was one of the creative forces of the Republican party—by compelling Mr. CONKLING to withdraw his resolution for expelling delegates who would not pledge themselves to support an action not yet taken, and by adopting the direction to the National Committee to secure district representation, and to prevent "instructions."

Obviously to obey the direction of the Convention, and to secure the object of the direction, the district delegates should be appointed in district conventions called for the purpose. If the delegations from the thirty-three districts in New York, for instance, meet in a State Convention to select district delegates, they are obviously subject, in one body, at one place, to the concentrated power of corruption or coercion, if there be one. The adverse influences should be scattered as much as possible. There is wisdom in diffusion. In this way, all that is possible is done to secure a true representation of party sentiment. A dangerous centralization is avoided, and local feeling is ascertained. The tendencies of our politics are so strong to put power into a few hands, and to deprive the people both of their initiative and of their just weight in determining political action, that the plan which provides a more faithful representation should be adopted. We trust that the National Committee, while not assuming to prescribe, will earnestly recommend the plan of district conventions in the States to nominate district delegates to the National Convention. Any State Committee which should disregard such a recommendation would lay itself open to great suspicion.

ELECTIONS AND REFORM.

IN the current number of the Princeton *Review*, Professor W. G. SUMNER has a paper upon "Presidential Elections and Civil Service Reform." The writer thinks that the framers of the Constitution had a vague idea of the Presidential office which they created, and that their apparent intention has come historically to very little. No President, he thinks, has ever succeeded in being at once more than a Prime Minister, yet less than a King. The government can not be carried on successfully without a party. Consequently the President must be practically the head of a party; and consequently, again, as the President is the fountain of patronage, our political life centres around the Presidential election. Now this periodical election, says our author, and the abuse of the civil service to stimulate political work, are interdependent and inextricably interwoven with each other, and Professor SUMNER says that he does not see how the civil service is to be reformed so long as the chief executive office is put up to be struggled for every four years. He proceeds to describe the election as a quadrennially recurring terror to the country, and a terror imposed upon it by a certain class of the people called politicians, who deal in the emoluments of office. The election has produced, in his judgment, many of the worst errors and mishaps in our history. It corrupts public men and local politics, and blasts reform and progress. In fact, Professor SUMNER is plainly of opinion that it has already become what the early commentators said that it certainly would become—the chief peril of the country.

This constitutes a very strong argument for some kind of action. What more important political object can there be than the removal of this constant danger? Intelligent men everywhere will agree to the general accuracy of Professor SUMNER's statement of the character and circumstances of the Presidential election, and that its "life principle" is, as he asserts, "the desire for power and emolument," which has crushed "or absorbed everything else." As for the remedy, he holds that it lies in a reduction of the personal element, and that this may be accomplished either by a reform of the civil service, or by less frequent elections, which would of itself in a degree reform the abuses of the civil service. His argument, in brief, is that those abuses spring from our political institutions, and that they can be remedied only by partially remoulding those institutions. This phrase seems to us to be misleading. There is nothing impracticable in a system comprising an elective Executive with a limited appointing power, a legislature creating offices, and requiring appointments to be made to them from those whose fitness has been independently ascertained. If there can be no progress without a change of the existing practice, it would be as easy to secure the reform as to obtain less frequent elections. No change, indeed, can be effected, and no action whatever taken, until public opinion has been aroused. But unless we are committed to an irretrievable destiny, unless wise modifications of our political methods and correction of evils which time has developed are a hopeless enterprise, it is not easy to see why the power that creates patronage should not control its exercise. It is undoubtedly true, as Professor SUMNER says, that politicians of a certain kind believe the abuses of the civil service to be as essential to the system of elections as steam to the locomotive, and that if they were corrected, a large number of persons would feel a very languid interest in elections. But that would be only a public advantage. Elections would then begin to recover their proper significance. Instead of scrambles for plunder, they would be decisions of policies. The Presidential election would cease to be the terror which the article in question justly describes, because there would not be a vast and disciplined body of unintelligent persons to whom it is a fierce game of chance.

There is, in essence, no more difficult problem presented by the proposed reform in the civil service than by any other reform of ingrained and serious evils. Such reforms are contemplated by the spirit of our institutions. The more generally Professor SUMNER's just and vivid picture of the mischiefs of the Presidential election is seen to be true, the more clearly also it will be seen, we think, that those mischiefs are due, not to the fact of the election, but to the vast emoluments which our present system of patronage puts upon the chances of the result. There is no mystery about the way in which that is done, and the evil suggests its own remedy. If, indeed, under the abuses of that system, the power of recovering control of the government has passed irremediably from the hands of the people, the whole government has broken down. But neither do we think this, nor do we believe in the least degree that the evils of our civil service are constituent parts of our institutions. Mr. Eaton's work upon the English civil service shows conclusively that they are but relics of old tyranny and ignorance. They are no more necessary than the Corporation and Test Acts were necessary to government in a country with an established church. They are no more necessary than the Catholic disabilities in England and Ireland. These things have been reformed, and they are now seen to have been blunders and political crimes. To reform the civil service is to reform elections, and if elections can not be reformed in that way, it is certainly very doubtful whether they can be reformed in any other.

CHRISTIANITY, CHARITY, AND GOOD SENSE.

We recently spoke of the society for the relief of the poor in New York which enables the charitably disposed to give wisely. Philadelphia is not behind in this good work. Indeed, the Philadelphia society for organizing charity is one of the most admirable associations of the kind. There is a system of ward associations by which prompt and intelligent relief is provided, and the society publishes a *Monthly Register*—a convenient paper containing not only the general news and correspondence of similar associations, but a carefully detailed statement of directions for treating every demand for charity. The society issues also a manual of institutions to which applicants of every kind may be referred. In a great city an organization of this kind is of inestimable service, not only to the giver of alms and to the recipient, but to the character of the community. Idle and unintelligent and selfish alms-giving degrades the giver, teaches the recipient falsehood and lazy shiftlessness, and fosters one of the worst sores of any community—hereditary pauperism. The statement of the New York society in regard to the amount of money which is very much worse than wasted every year in encouraging drunkenness and crime, is worthy the consideration of every intelligent citizen.

There is a popular objection to organized charity which is sometimes heedlessly uttered by those who do not stay to reflect. It is that organized charity is a kind of sop to the individual conscience for neglect of a personal duty. This is a complete misapprehension. Such charity can in no way interfere with honest individual action. That you subscribe to the association does not deprive you of personal visiting for sympathy or relief. But unless you make such personal visits, you can not complain that those who will make the visits for you foster mechanical charity. Still less can you allege that the money which you give by a servant at your door, and which is spent for a dram around the corner, is honest individual charity. On the contrary, it is a mere selfish shirking of a duty, and a direct encouragement of crime. It is because alms are generally given without any sense of personal duty whatever, and to the serious injury of society, without sympathy for the poor or knowledge of their condition, that organized charity becomes indispensable. It is because ignorant and selfish giving multiplies paupers and increases pauperism that some of the most Christian and wise and courageous persons in recent times have devoted themselves to secure an efficient system of charity which shall relieve the truly needy, while at the same time it prevents imposture and crime, and reduces the taxes.

The practical working of the system of organized charity justifies the claims made for it as more humane and Christian. The cold piece given at the area door, or the penny dropped in the open hand in the street, are felt by the recipient to be as heartless and unsympathetic as they often are. But the personal visit, whether of the volunteer or paid agent, announces an interest which is willing to take pains to make its aid sure and effective. In the town of Castleton, in Richmond County, in New York, where there is an admirable volunteer charity organization, the ladies assume the duty of visiting, and of reporting to the Superintendent of the Poor. It is among the excellent results of this plan that the Superintendent has spent no money for out-door relief during the past year, the necessary money, a sum of not more than $400 or $500, having been raised by voluntary gifts to the association. This sum has been expended for labor, except in cases of illness, or to obtain known work elsewhere. This system of organized charity brings the whole body of persons into direct and personal knowledge of the suffering poor, and establishes relations which are most humane and helpful. It is obviously a very much more Christian system than the shiftless, careless, and ignorant giving at the door, or the perfunctory and often fraudulent official distribution of out-door relief.

MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

It is very evident that Mr. Gladstone's Government intends to deal both justly and firmly with the Irish question, and it begins to be suspected that the objective point of the agitation is not justice with the union, but separation, or what is called home rule. A modified home rule, a kind of federalism, has been often proposed for Ireland. Ireland never had a truer, a purer, an abler son than Henry Grattan, and this was his hope. He opposed Pitt's corrupt "union," for the very reason that it would breed a deep and bitter hatred of "the connection" with England. Events have justified his conviction. The speech of Mr. Parnell at Waterford shows how utterly alienated the Ireland is for which he speaks, and Mr. Parnell, it must be remembered, is not a Roman Catholic.

It is the misfortune of every people who have suffered greatly—and certainly the Irish are such a people—that they are naturally and profoundly distrustful. This was the feeling upon which O'Connell played when Sir Robert Peel proposed the Maynooth grant. This is the key that Parnell touches now. Of course England has no right to be surprised. The history of the union is a tale of gross deceit and betrayal of trust, and it will be doubtless easy to persuade Connaught and Munster that Gladstone is overpowered by the English injustice to Ireland in the person of the British aristocracy.

We observe that Mr. John Morley, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, expects the Gladstone plan to be a failure. But it can hardly be so if there be any considerable body of Irishmen who do not desire a rupture of the English connection. The substantial adoption of the three F's—fixity of tenure, fair rent, and freedom of sale—will undoubtedly be in some way provided, although the details of the plan are not yet published. Government aid in buying land will be probably proposed, and it may be assumed that anything more than a bill which Gladstone and John Bright present is absolutely unattainable. Mr. Parnell's contemptuous rejection of it would be no blessing to Ireland.

THE NEW CHINESE TREATY.

It is understood that by the new treaty with China we are authorized to limit Chinese immigration even to prohibition, and that the general consideration for the consent of China to the treaty is an agreement that we will not carry opium into that country, nor traffic in it at Chinese ports. If these assertions are true, and if upon such conditions we gain greater favors than other nations, we may well congratulate ourselves upon a treaty which will be one of the distinctions of this administration, and a treaty negotiated by a "littery feller," President Angell, of Michigan University.

The friendly acquiescence in the restriction of immigration should at once satisfy the California apprehension. Nothing more could possibly be asked of any government, and we shall now be in a position to ascertain whether there really is a surplus of labor upon the Pacific coast.

If the London *Spectator* still wishes to know of what use to the world this country is, we suggest that it is of use to show that a Christian people can amicably renounce the trade in opium when China requests it, and not insist upon forcing upon a country at the point of the bayonet a traffic which it abhors. The *Spectator* might be also asked what country with which England has established relations, by force or by treaty, loves England? Moreover, when has England, for the love of humanity and liberty, and not for her own interests, befriended, at her cost, any struggling nationality? and when are we not always hospitably receiving the citizens and subjects of such nationalities? The *Spectator* is an admirable and able journal, but in implying that this country is merely selfish, it has apparently omitted to see a beam of extraordinary proportions in the eye of England.

WOMEN AT SCHOOL ELECTIONS.

Mr. Gilmour, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, has dexterously evaded the question of the right of women to vote at school elections. Several hundred women did vote at the school meetings in October, and several women were elected trustees. As Mr. Gilmour had stated in a public letter that very few of the mothers were entitled by the law to vote, it became an interesting question whether he would recognize trustees elected by such questionable voters as the mothers of the school-children.

The Superintendent wisely waives the decision. Recognizing the difference of opinion as to the legal qualification of school voters, he says that he shall hold all the elections, including those of the women trustees, to be binding, until there shall be a judicial decision, or an explanatory amendment by the Legislature.

Those who have held the broader interpretation, and have insisted that the law admitted the general voting of women at the school meetings, regard this declaration by the Superintendent as a practical settlement of the question. The friends of the broader view desire that no appeal shall be made either to the courts or the Legislature, but prefer to leave the responsibility of invoking a judicial decision to the opponents of a free school suffrage. It is understood that the determined friends of the widest application of the new law were prepared to contest the position of the Superintendent, and with the precedent of this year, and the withdrawal of the Superintendent's opposition, a large vote of mothers may be expected at the school meetings of next year.

AN EFFECTIVE REMINDER.

Messrs. Chandler and Janeway, the Health Commissioners, have addressed a letter to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment which is a firm and gentle reminder that, if certain steps which they think necessary are not taken, they must recur to certain reserved powers.

There has been a great deal of small-pox, and there is reason to apprehend an increase of contagious diseases. Should this prove to be the fact, the existing accommodations would be inadequate. Something, therefore, must be done. If our fears of an increase of such diseases, say the Health Commissioners, should be justified, and due provision for necessary accommodations should not be made in the estimates for 1881, "the only alternative will be to avail ourselves of the special provision of the law provided for such cases, and have the city declared to be in a condition of peril from impending pestilence, when we should then be authorized to incur any expense that may be necessary. Your board can estimate the enormous pecuniary injury that the business interests of the city would sustain from such a public declaration."

This has a sound and hearty tone, and the consequence was a prompt appropriation of $10,000 to equip North Brother Island as an additional hospital station for contagious diseases.

A ROORBACK.

A correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal* describes the origin of the word "Roorback," as applied to a political lie or forgery, of which the Morey letter is the latest illustration. In August, 1844, when Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk were the Presidential candidates, William Linn, of Ithaca, in New York, read Featherstonhaugh's *Excursion through the United States in* 1836. Linn was a Loco-foco Examiner in Chancery, and he prepared what he called an extract from *Roorback's Tour through the Western and Southern States in* 1836, which spoke of forty-three slaves bought of James K. Polk, with the brand of his initials upon their shoulders.

Linn gave the extract to a young man well known as truthful to hand to the Whig editor of the village as the copy of an original furnished by Linn, and it was published without suspicion in the Whig paper. Then came the Democratic denials and denunciations, and the local Democratic committee and sheriff repudiated Linn as a Democrat, and made affidavit that he voted for Harrison in 1840. Linn explained that he did it to prove that the Whig editor, although "a good man," would publish any lie if he could gain a political object; and he made a public statement that he believed the editor knew it to be false when he printed it.

This explanation in these later days would be viewed as "thin," and the correspondent says that the Roorback extract has been always regarded as a Democratic device to injure the Whig party when the falsehood should be proved, and that, in fact, it did injure the party by the loss of a large number of votes. It was one of those petty tricks which may produce great results, but for which the tricksters lose the respect of all honorable men.

RIVAL BAKING POWDERS.

In order to prevent a possible misapprehension, we wish to remind our readers that Harper's Weekly does not indorse any statements or opinions set forth in its advertising department. The two columns of matter headed "Condemned," printed on page 46 of Harper's Weekly for January 15, 1881, as a quotation from the New York *Times*, was simply an advertisement, inserted by the "Royal Baking Powder Company," and is not to be considered as in any way expressing the opinion of this paper on the subject in question.

PERSONAL.

The recent annual festival of the New York Press Club was honored by the attendance of several veteran members of the profession, conspicuous among whom was our old and valued friend the Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, of the *Observer*, whose peculiar felicity it is to be one of the chief bulwarks of Calvinism in the United States, and at the same time to be regarded by common consent as one of the most highly esteemed of editors and the most widely and dearly beloved men socially in the country. For forty years his vigorous and graceful pen has been in active use in the *Observer*, and is fresh and strong now as when first put to its work. Long may the good Doctor remain to delight his host of friends, and to diffuse over the people his large-hearted, kindly, Christian benevolence!

—Mr. Charles Lanman, several of whose works have been published by Harper & Brothers, is about to bring out, through Messrs. Anglim & Co., of Washington, a new and uniform edition of all his publications. The titles are as follows: *Essays for Summer Hours; A Summer in the Wilderness; A Tour to the River Saguenay; Letters from the Alleghany Mountains; A Tour to the River Restigouche; A Winter in the South; A Tour from the Potomac to Montauk; Occasional Records of a Tourist; Private Life of Daniel Webster; Biographical Essays; Evenings in my Library; Curious Characters; Japaniana; Hap-hazard Personalities.* Mr. Lanman is also the author of the *Dictionary of Congress, Biographical Annals of the Civil Government of the United States*, and other works of value.

—Mr. Richardson, of Cresson, Mississippi, is the largest cotton-planter in the world, and is reported to have made twenty million dollars from his fields.

—Jersey City has some long pastorates. Dr. Taylor's has continued more than fifty years; Dr. French's, twenty-three years; Mr. Egbert's, twenty-four years; Dr. Mahon's, thirty-four years; Dr. Van Cleef's, thirty-two years; Dr. Parmly's, twenty-seven years; Dr. Rice's, twenty years; Dr. Mohn's, twenty-three years.

—Mr. Charles O'Conor, who has recently purchased a country home at Nantucket, Massachusetts, is whiling away his time in the preparation of a work which will probably be his final professional effort.

—The Earl of Rosebery, who is leisurely but surely working his way to high political position, is about to build in London a mansion that will cost $500,000.

—Dr. Pusey has announced that he will, on the 26th of January, commence a course of lectures in the university at Oxford on "Prophetic Psalms and other Prophecies of Christ." Dr. Pusey is now eighty years of age, and for fifty-two years has held his present position as Regius Professor of Hebrew in the university. His appointment, which took place when he was only twenty-eight years of age, occasioned much criticism among college men and college dons, but his remarkable abilities soon justified the wisdom of his selection.

—Dr. Schliemann, greatly to the delight of the *savants* of Germany, has presented his collection of Trojan antiquities to the Emperor of Germany, to be placed in the museum at Berlin.

—The two oldest periodical publishers in Europe are John Francis and William Chambers. The former will soon enter upon his fiftieth year as publisher of the London *Athenæum*. The latter started *Chambers's Journal* nearly forty-nine years ago. Only one of the *Athenæum's* original staff of writers now survives.

—Mr. James G. Fair, who has just been elected United States Senator from Nevada, is forty-six years old, and came hither from Ireland thirty-seven years ago. His connection with the Bonanza mines and miners commenced in 1867, and it is since then that his great fortune has been made. He is assessed in California alone for $42,000,000, and is, of course, worth much more, and can therefore afford to play a little at politics.

—The fifth grand annual Children's Carnival and Ball, to be given at the Academy of Music on the 5th of February next, promises to surpass in beauty and picturesqueness all its predecessors. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Building Fund of the Western Dispensary. The programme this year will be entirely new, as will be the costumes and accessories. For several weeks past the separate dances have been in rehearsal at Municipal Hall, No. 67 Madison Avenue, and at the Academy of Music. After the present week, larger rehearsals will take place at Irving Hall. Some of the dances are said to be very comic and grotesque, others refined, artistic, and beautiful. One in particular, where the children are to represent leaves and flowers, was brought out with great applause in Munich and Berlin. It has never been seen here. The entertainment is to be under the special patronage of the ladies of many of our prominent families, headed by Mrs. Governor Cornell.

—Thomas Allen, Representative-elect to Congress from St. Louis, will be no stranger in Washington. Nearly forty years ago he went to the capital to edit the *Madisonian*, which was founded in 1842, and became the organ of President Tyler. After Mr. Allen retired from its management, it was edited by Mr. John Jones. It never made any conspicuous reputation as a public journal, but, like most Washington papers before and since that time, was merely a party or administration organ, or a local newspaper. Mr. Allen is a native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. For many years he has been president of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, the controlling interest of which he has recently transferred to Mr. Jay Gould.

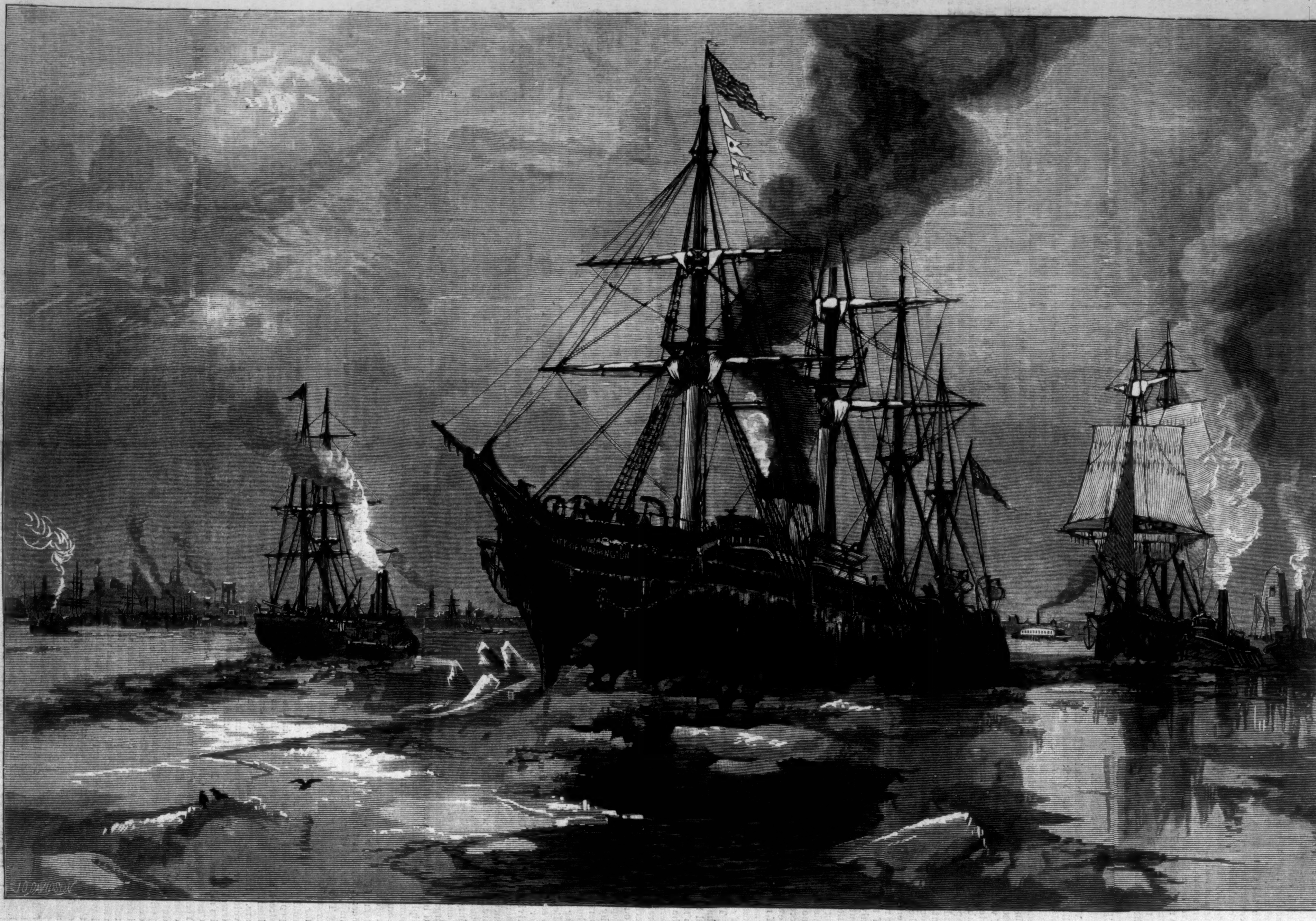
—Of Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, and Mrs. Grote, Sydney Smith once wittily said, "I do like them both so much, for he is so lady-like, and she is such a perfect gentleman!"

—Mr. Archibald Forbes says that "before the far-reaching fire-arms came into use, it was quite easy to see a battle without coming into the range of the fire, but it is no longer so, and the percentage of casualties among war correspondents is larger than among the fighting men. In the little Servian campaign there were twelve correspondents under fire, of whom three were killed and four wounded. I have been under fire more than one hundred times, and have but twice been hit, on both occasions receiving merely flesh-wounds."

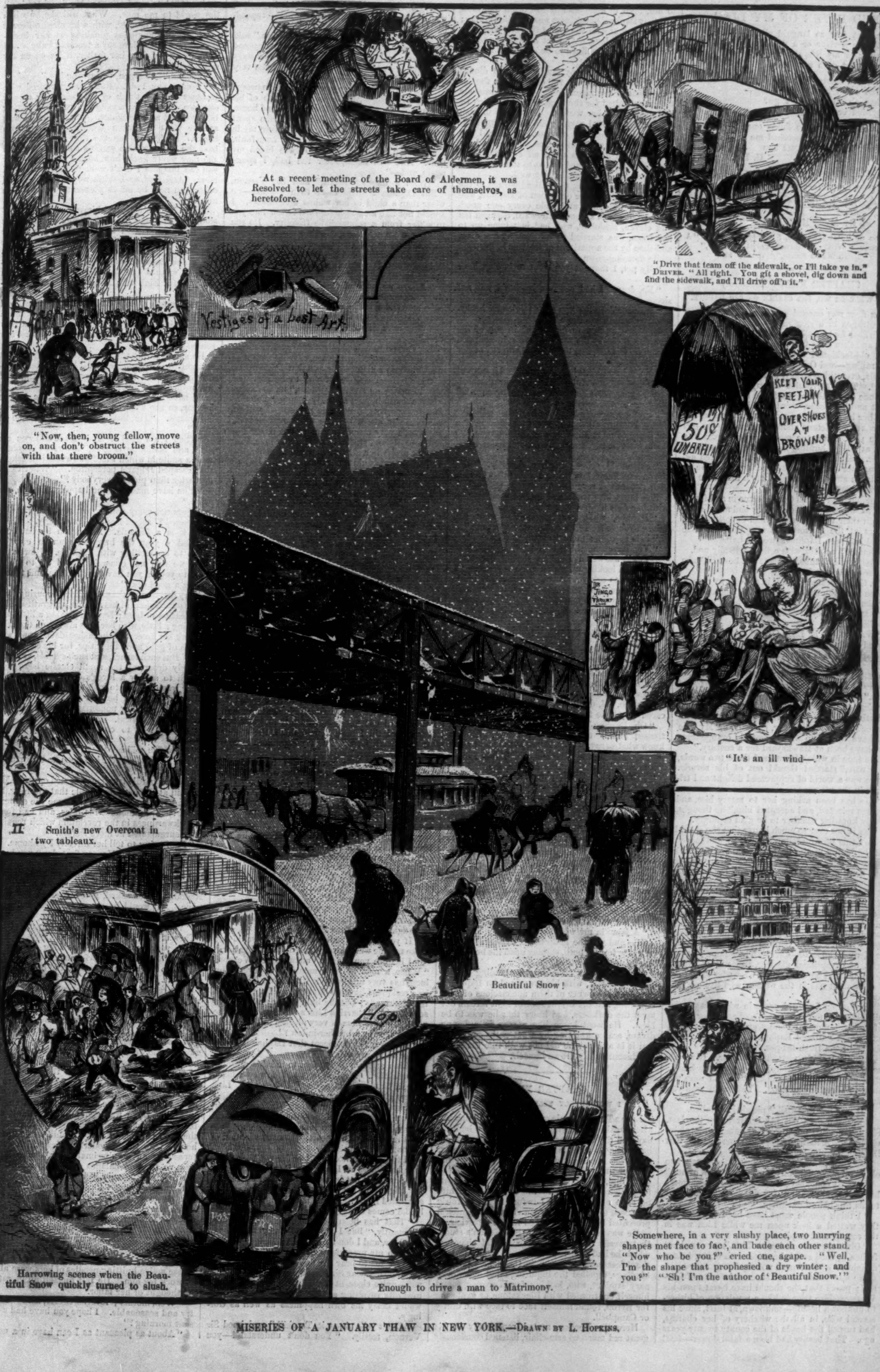
—Mr. George Alfred Townsend, in alluding to the late Jerome B. Stillson as one of the best of war correspondents, alludes to those who were particularly conspicuous as writers of battles during the rebellion. "The most successful of these," he says, "was Henry Villard, of the Chicago *Tribune*, a son-in-law of William Lloyd Garrison; he is now worth $1,000,000, made in railroad financiering. Whitelaw Reid is well known as one of the best. Next, probably, was J. B. McCullough, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, with an income of $20,000 from that paper. Close at hand comes William Swinton, whose abundant school-books are said to pay him $30,000 a year. Edmund C. Stedman was one of the earliest and best battle writers of the war, and has been fairly successful in pure literature and in finance. William Bickham is owner of the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal*, which is worth $160,000. Thomas W. Knox is easily and independently engaged in making books of travel and illustration. Sam Wilkinson and G. W. Smalley are still alive. William C. Church owns the *Army and Navy Journal*. Nathaniel Paige, of the *Tribune*, is a prosperous lawyer in Washington. Stillson had a poetical eye and pulse, and saw battles in their beauty as well as their strength, and he was, in his prime, the handsomest man among the correspondents, and always most honorable."

—Philadelphia's most unique character is undoubtedly General Robert Patterson, who on the 12th inst. reached his ninetieth year, which notable event was celebrated at a dinner party given to him by Mr. George W. Childs, who for many years has been one of his close personal friends. General Patterson was a captain in the regular army during the war of 1812. In the Mexican war he commanded a division at the battle of Cerro Gordo, in 1847. Since then he has been and now is one of the largest manufacturers in Pennsylvania, by which he has acquired a large fortune. And what is more, he enjoys pre-eminently

"That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."


CITY OF WASHINGTON
J.O. DAVIDSON

THE ICE-BLOCKADE IN THE RIVERS AND BAY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



At a recent meeting of the Board of Aldermen, it was Resolved to let the streets take care of themselves, as heretofore.

"Drive that team off the sidewalk, or I'll take ye in." Driver. "All right. You git a shovel, dig down and find the sidewalk, and I'll drive off'n it."

"Now, then, young fellow, move on, and don't obstruct the streets with that there broom."

Smith's new Overcoat in two tableaux.

"It's an ill wind—."

Beautiful Snow!

Harrowing scenes when the Beautiful Snow quickly turned to slush.

Enough to drive a man to Matrimony.

Somewhere, in a very slushy place, two hurrying shapes met face to face, and bade each other stand. "Now who be you?" cried one, agape. "Well, I'm the shape that prophesied a dry winter; and you?" "'Sh! I'm the author of 'Beautiful Snow.'"

MISERIES OF A JANUARY THAW IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by L. Hopkins.

RED RIVER OF MY LIFE.

River, that dost so languid glide,
  Art thou a river or a dream?
Red river of my life, thy tide
  Nigh spent doth seem!

And on thy current's dusky flow
  I, like a dry leaf, borne along—
Whither, ah, whither do I go?
  Engulfed ere long?

Glad was I once. The fickle one
  Hath smitten and scorched me with despair.
Ah, river, drains the cruel sun
  Thy channel bare? G. P. LATHROP.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

"FOR WELE OR WO, FOR CAROLE OR FOR DAUNCE."

THE door was opened gently, as if it had been the entrance to a sick man's chamber, and the well-drilled footman brought in a little folding-table, and then a tea-tray—an intensely new-fashioned old-fashioned oval wooden tray, with an open railing—and Oriental cups and saucers *à la* Belinda, everything strictly of the hoop and patch period. These frivolities of tray and tea-things were one of Mr. Goring's gifts to his mistress.

Not another tender word would Daphne allow from her lover. She talked of the people at the ball, asked for details about everybody—the girl in the pink frock, the matron with hardly any frock at all, the hunting men and squires of high degree. She kept Edgar so fully employed answering her questions that he had no time to edge in an amorous speech, though his whole being was breathing love.

Madoline and Gerald Goring came in and found them *tête-à-tête* by the fire. They had made a détour on their way home, and had deposited Mrs. Ferrers at the Rectory. It was the first time Gerald had seen Daphne since the ball.

"Better?" he said, with a little friendly nod.

"Quite well, thanks. I have not been ill," she answered, curtly.

Mr. Goring seated himself in a shadowy corner, remote from the little group by the tea-table.

"Shall I ring for more tea, or have you had some at the Abbey?" asked Daphne, with a business-like air.

"We had tea in Lady Geraldine's room," answered Madoline. "I wish you had been with us, Daphne. It is such a lovely room in the fire-light. The houses are all finished, and Cormack has filled three of them already. Such lovely flowers! I can't imagine where he has found them."

"Easy to do that kind of thing when one has a floating balance of fifty thousand or so at one's banker's," answered Edgar, cheerily. "My wife will have to put up with a few old orange-trees that have been at Hawksyard for a century."

The tone in which he uttered those two words, "my wife," startled Gerald out of his reverie. There was a world of suppressed delight and triumph in the utterance.

"He has been asking her to marry him, and she has relented, and accepted him," he thought, hardly knowing whether to be glad or angry.

Was it not ever so much better that she should reward this faithful fellow's devotion, and marry, and be happy in the beaten track of life? He had told himself once that she was a creature just a little too bright and lovely for treading beaten tracks, a girl who ought to be the heroine of some romantic history. Yet are these heroines of romance the happiest among women? Was the young woman who was sewn up in a sack and drowned in the Bosporus happy, though her fate inspired one of the finest poems that ever was written? Was Sappho particularly blest? or Hero, Héloïse, or Juliet? Their fame was the fruit of exceptional disaster, and not of exceptional joy. The Greek was wise who said that the happiest she is the woman who has no history.

Sir Vernon Lawford came in while they were all talking of the hot-houses, and asked for a cup of tea—an unusual condescension on his part, and which fluttered Daphne a little as she rang the bell for a fresh tea-pot.

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear. Give me anything you have there," he said, more kindly than he was wont to speak. "So you were too tired to show at luncheon. Your aunt says you danced too much."

"It was her first ball," pleaded Madoline.

"Yes, the first, but not likely to be the last. She is launched now, and will have plenty of invitations. A foolish friend of mine told me that Daphne was the belle of the ball."

"She was," said Edgar, sturdily. "I saw two old women standing on a rout seat to look at her."

"Is that conclusive?" asked Sir Vernon, good-humoredly, and with a shrewd glance from Edgar to his fair-haired daughter.

"I think people must have been demented if they wasted a look upon me while Lina was in the room," said Daphne.

"Oh, but every one knows Lina," answered her father, pleased at this homage to his beloved elder daughter. "You are a novelty."

He was proud of her success, in spite of himself; proud that she should have burst upon his Warwickshire friends like a revelation of hitherto unknown beauty—unknown, at least, since his second wife, in all the witchery of her charms, had turned the heads of the county twenty years ago. That beauty had been a fatal dower—fatal to her, fatal to him—and he had often told himself that Daphne's prettiness was a perilous thing; to be looked at with the eye of fear and suspicion rather than of love. And yet he was pleased at her triumph, and inclined to be kinder on account thereof.

They seemed a happy family party at dinner that day. Madoline was full of delight in the improvement of her future home—full of gratitude to her betrothed for the largeness with which he had anticipated her wishes. Edgar was in high spirits; Daphne all gayety; Sir Vernon unusually open in speech and manner. If Gerald was more silent than the others, nobody noticed his reserve. He had been quiet all day, and when Madoline had questioned him as to the cause, had owned to not being particularly well.

Later in the evening they all adjourned to the billiard-room, with the exception of Daphne, who pleaded a headache, and bade every one good-night; but about an hour afterward, between ten and eleven, Madoline, who had just gone up to her room, was startled by a knock at her door, and then by the apparition of Daphne in her long white dressing-gown.

"My pet, I thought you went to bed an hour ago."

"No, dear. I had a headache, but I was not sleepy."

"My poor darling; you are so pale and heavy-eyed. Come to the fire."

Madoline wanted to install her in one of the cozy arm-chairs by the hearth, but Daphne slipped to her favorite seat on the fleecy white rug at her sister's feet.

"No, dear; like this," she said, looking up at Madoline with tearful eyes; "at your feet—always at your feet; so much lower than you in all things—so little worthy of your love."

"Daphne, it offends me to hear you talk like that. You are all that is sweet and dear. You and I are equal in all things, except fortune: and it shall not be my fault if we are not made equal in that."

"Fortune!" echoed Daphne, drearily. "Oh, if you but knew how little I value that! It is your goodness I revere—your purity, your—"

She burst into tears, and sobbed passionately, with her face hidden on her sister's knee.

"Daphne, what has happened—what has grieved you so? Tell me, darling; trust me."

"It is nothing; mere foolishness of mine."

"You have something to tell me, I know."

"Yes," answered Daphne, drying her tears hastily, and looking up with a grave set face. "I have come to ask your advice. I mean to abide by your decision, whichever way it may fall. Edgar wants me to marry him, and I have promised him an answer to-night. Shall it be Yes, or No?"

"Yes, of course, my pet, if you love him."

"But I don't; not the least atom. I have told him so, in the very plainest, straightest words I could find. But he still wishes me to be Mrs. Turchill, and he seems to think that when I have been married to him twenty years or so, I shall get really attached to him—as Mrs. John Anderson, my jo, did, don't you know. She may have cared very little for Mr. Anderson in the outset."

"Oh, Daphne," sighed Madoline, with a distressed look, "this is very puzzling. I don't know what to say. I like Edgar so much—I value him so highly—and I should dearly like you to marry him."

"You would!" cried Daphne, decisively. "Then that settles it. I shall marry him."

"But you don't care for him."

"I care for you. I would do anything in this world—yes," with sudden energy, "the most difficult thing, were it at the cost of my life—to make you happy. Would it make you happy for me to marry Edgar?"

"I believe it would."

"Then I'll do it. Hark! there's the outer door shutting," cried Daphne, as the hall door closed with a hollow reverberation. "Edgar will be under my window in a minute or two. I'll run and give him my answer."

"What do you mean?"

"A lamp in my window is to signify Yes."

"Go and put the lamp there, darling. May it be a star for you both, shining upon the beginning of a bright, happy life!"

A few minutes later, Edgar, standing in the shrubbery walk, with his eyes fixed on Daphne's casement, the owner of them unconscious of winter's cold, saw the bright spot of light stream out upon the darkness, and knew that he was to be blest. He went home like a man in a happy dream, scarce knowing by what paths he went; and it is a mercy he did not walk into the Avon and incontinently drown himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

"FOR I WOL GLADLY YELDEN HIRE MY PLACE."

EDGAR TURCHILL rode over to South Hill directly after breakfast next morning. It was a hunting day, and the meet was at a favorite spot; but he had business to do which could brook no delay, and even the delight of skimming across the Vale of the Red Horse, on a hunter well able to carry him, must give way to the more vital matter which called him to the house on the hill. So soon as Sir Vernon Lawford might be fairly supposed to be accessible to a visitor, Mr. Turchill presented himself, and asked for an interview.

He was ushered straight to Sir Vernon's study, that sacred and in a manner official chamber, which he had ever held in awe—a room in which the driest possible books, in the richest possible bindings, repelled the inquiring mind of an ordinary student, who, looking for Waverley, found himself confronted with Blackstone, or exploring for Byron, found himself face to face with Chitty or Campbell.

Here Sir Vernon, seated reposefully in his great red morocco arm-chair, listened courteously to Edgar's relation of his love, and his hope that, with parental approval, his constancy might speedily be rewarded.

"I have heard something of this before," said Sir Vernon. "My sister told me you had proposed to Daphne, and had been rejected. I was sorry the child had not better taste, for I like you very much, Turchill, as I believe you know."

"You have been very good to me," answered Edgar, reddening with the honest warmth of his feelings. "South Hill has been my second home. The happiest hours of my life have been spent here. Yes, Sir Vernon, Daphne did refuse me in the summer, but I felt that it was my own fault. I spoke too soon. I ought to have bided my time. And last night, after the ball, I spoke again, and—"

"With a happier result," said Sir Vernon. "But Daphne is little more than a child—no wiser than a child in her whims and fancies. I should not like a straightforward fellow like you to suffer from a school-girl's frivolity. Do you think she knows her own mind now any better than she did in the summer, when she gave you quite a different answer? Are you sure that she is in earnest, that she is as fond of you as you are of her?"

"I have no hope of that," answered Edgar, a little despondently. "I have been loving her ever since she came home, and my love has grown stronger with every day of my life. If she likes me well enough to marry me, I am content."

Sir Vernon remained silent for some moments, gravely contemplating the fire, as if he were reading somebody's history in it, and that a gloomy one.

"I am fond enough of you to be sorry you should marry on such conditions," he answered, after a longish pause. "My younger daughter is a very pretty girl—people persecuted me with compliments about her the other night—and, I suppose, a very fascinating girl; but if she does not honestly and sincerely return your love, I say, Do not marry her. Pluck her out of your heart, Edgar, as you would a poisonous weed. Be sure, if you don't, the poison will rankle there by-and-by, and develop its venom at the time you are least prepared for it."

Edgar, secure in his assurance of future happiness—for what man having won Daphne could fail to be happy?—smiled at the unwonted energy of Sir Vernon's address.

"My dear sir, you take this matter too seriously," he replied. "I have no fear of the issue. Daphne's heart is free, and it will be very hard if I can not make myself owner of it, loving her as I do, and having her promise to marry me. I only want to be assured of your approval."

"That you have with all heartiness, my dear boy. But I should like to be sure that Daphne is worthy of you."

"Worthy of me!" echoed Edgar, with a tender smile; "I wish to Heaven I were worthy of her."

"She is very young," said Sir Vernon, thoughtfully.

"Nineteen on her next birthday."

"But that birthday is nearly a year off. I hope you will not be in a hurry to be married."

"I shall defer that to your judgment: though I think, as I can never feel warmly interested in Hawksyard till I have a wife there, the sooner we are married, so far as my happiness is concerned, the better."

"Of course. You young men have always some all-sufficient reason for being over the border with the lady. How will your mother relish the change?"

Poor Edgar winced at the question, feeling very sure that Mrs. Turchill would take the event as her death-blow.

"My mother is perfectly independent," he faltered. "She has her jointure."

"Has she not Hawksyard for her life?"

"No; the estate was strictly entailed. I am sole master there."

"I am glad of that," said Sir Vernon. "It is an interesting old place."

"Daphne likes it," murmured Edgar, fatuously.

"I suppose you know that I can give my younger daughter no fortune?"

"If you could give her a million, it would not make me one whit better pleased at winning her."

"I believe you, Edgar," answered Sir Vernon. "When a man of your mould is in love, filthy lucre has very little weight with him. There will be a residue, I have no doubt, when I am gone—a few thousands; but the bulk of my property was settled when I married Lina's mother. I suppose you know that Lina is very pleased at the idea of having you for a brother-in-law?"

"I know nothing, except that Daphne has consented to be my wife."

"Lina announced the fact to me this morning at breakfast. Daphne was not down—a headache, a little natural shyness, I dare say. Lina is very glad—very much your friend."

"She has always been that," faltered Edgar, looking back with half-incredulous wonder to the time when a word from Lina had been enough to stir the pulses of his heart, when the mention of her name was music.

"I think I can not do better for you than leave your happiness in Lina's care," said Sir Vernon. "Daphne will not be married first, of course."

"Might they not be married on the same day?" suggested Edgar. "Lina is to be married directly she comes of age, is she not?"

"That has been proposed," said Sir Vernon, reluctantly, "but I am in no hurry to lose my daughter, and I don't think Lina is eager to leave me. In my precarious state of health, it will be hard for me to bear the pain of parting."

"But, my dear Sir Vernon, she will be so near you—quite close at hand," remonstrated Edgar, inwardly revolting against the selfishness which would delay his own happiness as well as Goring's.

"Don't talk about it, Turchill," exclaimed Sir Vernon, testily. "You don't understand—you can't enter into my feelings. My daughter is all the world to me now. What will she be when she is a wife, a mother, with a hundred different interests and anxieties plucking at her heart-strings? Why, I dare say a teething baby would be more to her than her father, if I were on my death-bed."

"Indeed, Sir Vernon, you wrong her."

"I dare say I do. But I am devoured with jealousy when I think of her belonging to any one else. It is the penalty she pays for having been perfect as a daughter. Our virtues as well as our vices are often scourges for our own backs. However, when the time comes, I must bear the blow—with a smiling countenance, that she may never know how hard I am hit. Only you can imagine I don't want to hasten the evil hour. And now, as I think we understand each other, you may be off to pleasanter society than mine."

Edgar instantly availed himself of this permission, and hastened to the morning-room, where Madoline was seated at her work-table, where Daphne twisted herself round and round on the music stool, now talking to her sister, now playing a few bars of one of Schumann's Kinderstücken, anon a popular melody she had heard the faithful Bink whistle as he weeded his flower beds.

She started a little at Edgar's entrance, and "blushed celestial red, love's proper hue," much to the delight of her lover, who hung out a rosy flag on his own side, and looked as shy as any school-girl.

He shook hands with Madoline, and then went straight to the piano, and tried by a tender pressure of Daphne's hand to express something of the rapture that was flooding his soul.

"I have seen your father, dearest," he said in her ear, as she went on picking out little bits of Schumann. "He thoroughly approves—he is glad."

"Then I am glad if he is glad, and you are glad, and Madoline is glad," answered Daphne, with a smile in which there was a subtle mockery that escaped Edgar's perception. "What can I do better than please everybody?"

"You have made me the happiest man in creation."

"Does not every young man say that when he is engaged?" asked Daphne, laughingly. "I believe it is a formula. And when he has been married a year, the happiest man in creation takes to quarrelling with his wife. However, I hope we may not quarrel. I will try to be as good to you as you have been to me, and that is saying a good deal."

They lingered by the piano, Edgar pouring forth vague expressions of his delight, his gratitude, his intoxication of bliss; Daphne playing a little, and listening a little, with her eyes always on the keys, offering her lover only the lashes, dark brown with sparks of gold upon their tips, for his contemplation. But such lashes, and such eyelids, and such a lovely droop of the small classic head were enough to satisfy a lover's eye for longer than Edgar was required to look at them.

By-and-by, when he had exhausted a lover's capacity for talking nonsense, he made a sudden dash at the practical.

"I want you to come and see my mother, Daphne."

"Have you told her?"

"No, not yet. There has been no opportunity, you know."

This was hardly true, since, seated opposite Mrs. Turchill at the breakfast table that morning, Edgar had vainly endeavored to frame the sentence which should announce his bliss, and had found an awkwardness in the revelation which required to be surmounted at more leisure.

"I am going to tell her directly I go home. It was better to see Sir Vernon first, don't you know. And I want you and Madoline to come over to tea this afternoon. You could drive over to Hawksyard with Daphne this afternoon, couldn't you, Madoline?" he asked, going over to the work-table. "It would be so good of you, and would please my mother so very much."

"Would it?" asked Lina, smiling up at him. "Then it shall be done."

The young man lingered as long as he could consistently with his performance of that duty which he felt must not be deferred beyond luncheon-time. It was hardly a good time to choose for the revelation, for Mrs. Turchill was apt to be somewhat disturbed in her temper at the mid-day meal, her patience having been exercised by sundry defalcations discovered in her morning round of the house. It might be that new milk had been given away to unauthorized recipients, or to pensioners who were only entitled to receive skimmed milk; it might be an unexplainable evanishment of home-brewed beer; or that the principal oak staircase was not as slippery as it ought to be; or that the famous pewter dinner service was tarnished; or a favorite fender displayed spots of rust; but there was generally something, some feather-weight of domestic care, which disturbed the even balance of Mrs. Turchill's mind at this hour. Like those modern scales which can be turned by an infinitesimal portion of a human hair, so the fine balance of Mrs. Turchill's temper required but very little to alter it.

Edgar rode home to Hawksyard in the clear bright winter noontide, feeling as much like a convicted criminal as a young man of pure mind and clear conscience well could feel. He went bustling into the dining-room, rubbing his hands and making a great pretense of cheeriness. His mother was standing on the hearth-rug knitting a useful brown winter sock—for him, he knew. Those active knitting-needles of hers were always at work for him. He felt himself an ingrate, as he thought of her labor.

"Well, mother; lovely weather, isn't it, so wintry and seasonable. I hope you have had a pleasant morning?"

"About as pleasant as I can have in a nest of vipers," answered Mrs. Turchill, frowning at her work, and intent upon turning a heel.

"What's up now?" asked Edgar, nothing startled by the vigor of her speech.

"The beer consumed at Christmas—I won't say drunk, for gallons of it must have been given away—is something too dreadful to contemplate," replied Mrs. Turchill.

"Never mind the beer, mother," answered Edgar, still rubbing his hands before the fire, and dancing from one foot to the other in a manner that indicated a certain perturbation of spirit; "Christmas only comes once a year, you know, and the servants ought to enjoy themselves."

"That's all very well, Edgar, within proper limits; but when I see them stepping over the boundary line—"

"You feel that it is time to put on the drag," interjected Edgar. "Of course; very right and proper. Whatever should I do without such a dear prudent mother to look after things?"

And then, suddenly remembering that the most eager desire of his heart at this very moment was to substitute a foolish young wife for this wise and experienced housekeeper, Edgar Turchill became suddenly as vermilion as the most vivid cock's comb in his mother's poultry-yard. He felt that the revelation he had to make must be blurted out somehow. There was no use in prancing before the fire, making such a serious business of warming his hands.

"I've been over to South Hill this morning, mother," he said at last, rather jerkily.

"Have you?" said Mrs. Turchill, curtly. "It seems to me you never go anywhere else."

"Well, I'm afraid that's a true bill," he answered, laughing with affected heartiness, very much as the timorous traveller whistles in a lonely wood. "I love the place, and the people who live in it. South Hill has been my second home ever since I was a little bit of a chap at Rugby. But this morning I have been there on very particular business. I have been having a serious talk with Sir Vernon. I wonder if you could guess the subject of our conversation, mother, and spare my blushes in telling it."

It was Mrs. Turchill's turn to assume the cock's comb's flaming hue.

"If you have done anything to blush for, Edgar, I am sorry for you," she observed, sternly. "Your father was one of the most respectable men in Warwickshire, and the most looked up to, or my father would not have allowed me to marry him."

"You are taking me a trifle too literally, mother," answered Edgar, laughing uneasily. "I hope there is nothing disreputable in a man of my age falling in love and wanting to be married. That's the only crime I have to confess this morning. Yesterday afternoon I asked Daphne to be my wife, and she consented; and this morning I settled it all with Sir Vernon. We are to be married on the same day as Goring and Madoline—at least Sir Vernon said something to that effect."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Turchill, freezingly. "Indeed! And now Miss Daphne has consented, and Sir Vernon has consented, and the very wedding day is fixed, you do me the honor to inform me! I thank you from my heart, Edgar, for the respect and affection, the consideration and regard, you have shown for me in this matter. I am not likely to forget your conduct."

"Dearest mother," gasped Edgar, affrightedly—for the icy indignation of his parent's speech and manner went beyond the worst he had feared—"surely you are not offended, surely—"

"But it is only what I might reasonably have expected," pursued Mrs. Turchill, ignoring the interruption. "It is only what I ought to have looked for. When a mother devotes herself day and night to her son; when she studies his welfare and his comfort in everything; when she sits up with him night after night through the measles—quite unnecessarily, as the doctor said at the time—and reduces herself to a shadow when he has the scarlatina; when she worries herself about him every time he gets damp feet, and endures agony all the time he is out shooting—this is pretty sure to be the result. He is caught by the first pretty face he sees, and his mother becomes a cipher in his estimation."

"Believe me that is not my case, dear mother," protested Edgar, putting his arm round the matron's waist, which she made as inflexible as she possibly could for the occasion, and trying to kiss her, which she would not allow. "You will never cease to be valued and dear. Do you suppose there is no room in my heart for you and Daphne? I know she is a mere child, a positive baby, to place at the head of a house which you have managed so cleverly all these years; but everything in this life must have a beginning, don't you know, and I rely upon you for teaching Daphne how to manage her house."

"That kind of thing can not be taught, Edgar," answered his mother, severely. "It must be the gradual growth of years in an adaptable mind. I don't believe Daphne Lawford will ever be a housekeeper. It is not in her. You might as well expect a butterfly to sit upon its eggs with the patience of a farm-yard hen. However," sighed Mrs. Turchill, "you have chosen for yourself."

"Did you suppose I should let any one else choose for me in such a matter, mother?"

"I am sorry for my lovely stock of house linen. The tea cloths will get used anyhow, and the kitchen cloths will be made away with by wholesale."

"Never mind a few tea cloths, mother."

"But it is not a few; it is a great many. I dare say that out of the six dozen that are now in the linen closet you won't have two dozen sound ones a twelvemonth after your marriage."

"I think I could survive even that loss, mother, if you were happy," answered Edgar, lightly.

"How could I possibly be happy, knowing the waste and destruction of things that I have taken so much trouble to get together? I'm sure I feel positively ill at the idea of the best glass and china under the authority of a girl of eighteen: your great-grandmother's crown Derby dessert set, which I have often been told is priceless."

"Yes, mother, by people who don't want to buy it. If you wanted to sell it, you would hear a very different story. However, I don't see any reason why Daphne should not be able to take care of the dessert plates—"

"I have always kept chamois-leather between each plate," interrupted Mrs. Turchill, with a pensive shake of her head. "Will she take as much trouble?"

—"or why there should be waste and destruction anywhere. Daphne will not be the first young wife who ever had to take care of a house, and I know by the way she learned to row, how easy it is to teach her anything."

"Easy to teach her to row, or to ride, or to play lawn tennis, or to do anything frivolous and useless, I have no doubt," retorted his mother; "but I don't believe it is in her to learn careful ways and the management of servants. I only hope the waste and destruction will stop at the house linen. I only hope she won't bring ruin upon you; but when I think how many a young man of good means has been utterly ruined by an extravagant wife—"

"Upon my word, mother," protested Edgar, with a dash of resentment, feeling that this was too much, "you are making a perfect raven of yourself, instead of being cheery and pleasant, as I expected you to be. I'm sorry I have not been able to choose a wife more to your liking as a daughter-in-law; but marriage is one of the few circumstances of life in which selfishness is a duty, and a man must please himself at any hazard of displeasing other people. I don't believe there's a man who was at the hunt ball the other night who won't envy me my good luck."

"Very likely, since men are influenced by outside prettiness," said Mrs. Turchill. "Though even there Daphne is by no means faultless. Her nose is too short."

"Now, mother, you have been so good to me all my life that it would be a very unnatural thing if you were to begin to be unkind all at once, and in a crisis of my life in which I most need your love," pleaded Edgar, with genuine feeling.

He put his arm round his mother's waist, which this time was less inflexible than before. He turned the matron's face toward his, and lo! her eyes were full of tears.

"It would be very strange indeed if I could deny you anything," she said, strangling a sob. "There never was a child so much indulged as you were. If you had cried for the moon, it would have quite worried me that I wasn't able to get it for you."

"And you would have given me a stable lantern instead," answered Edgar, smiling. "Yes, best of mothers, you have always been indulgent, and you are going to be indulgent now, and you will take Daphne to your heart of hearts, and be as fond of her as if she were that baby girl you lost, grown up to womanhood."

"Don't, Edgar, don't," cried Mrs. Turchill, fairly overcome. "Her bassinet is in the little oak room. I was looking at it yesterday. I have never got over that loss."

"You will think she has come back to you some day, when you have a little granddaughter," said Edgar, tenderly.

His mother, once reduced to the pathetic mood, was perfectly tractable. Edgar petted and soothed her; protested somewhat recklessly that the chief desire of Daphne's life was to gain her affection; announced the intended afternoon visit, and obtained his mother's promise of a gracious reception.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CLOSED COUNTRY.

Siberia is a singularly misunderstood region. Richer by far than Canada, it enjoys a climate neither warmer in summer nor colder in winter. In all the Dominion there is no soil like the black earth along the Obi and Yenisei; and even the lumberman of the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, and the Fraser would find himself in an Elysium among the forests that line the banks of the great rivers which intersect Siberia from the borders of China to the shores of the Polar Sea. Once clear of the dreary ice-choked shores along which Baron Nordenskjöld was fortunate enough to sail in one stretch during a comparatively open season, we reach the dreary tûndras, or bogs pastured by the insect-baited herds of reindeer owned by the Samoyedes and Koriaks, who are for the most part sole tenants of this dismal region. But further south, we are in a land of corn and fruit. Siberia could feed Europe with wheat, could it be profitably exported; and in the warm plains of the south there are vineyards which yield a fair wine, comparatively cheap, and hence not esteemed in Tobolsk or Ekaterinburg, where English "porter-beer" sells for a dollar a quart, and the best Champagne is bought by wealthy exiles at astounding prices. Mines there certainly are, of gold, copper, silver, and precious stones, but no quicksilver mines are known in "Sibir." But the mineral riches of the land of exile, though they have made fortunes to scores of humble serfs, and to this day fill the pockets of the Romanoffs, Demidoffs, and Sibiriakoffs, are as nothing compared with what might be obtained from its surface in the shape of timber, grain, and cattle, or what is actually garnered into the warehouses of Tomsk, Tjumen, Omsk, Tobolsk, Yeniseisk, Jakutsk, and Krasnoiarsk, in the bales of sables sent west to swell the tailor's bills of a Russian boyard. The Obi banks will yet be the home of a great population; but even as far east as the Yenisei and the Lena these great watery highways are bordered by rich meadows. Mile after mile of grass lands, unpastured and unmown, are passed in ascending these rivers from the Arctic Ocean, until the boat is rowed through the grand old forest between Yeniseisk and Turukhansk, or sails between the nearly uninhabited plains on the other side of Krasnoiarsk, covered with the deep "tchernosem," or black earth, equal, the Swedish explorers considered, to the best parts of Scania, and in extent greater than the whole Scandinavian peninsula. Part of the region is within the arctic circle. Here, nevertheless, we find magnificent forests; and south of the woodland regions there stretch level stoneless prairies, over hundreds of leagues of which the plough has only to be driven in order to yield bounteous harvest. Still further south, on the borders of China, the Yenisei and its tributaries flow through regions where the grape ripens in the open air.

But, with all this, Siberia is a closed country. There is only one road worthy of the name in the whole of this immense region, namely, that which crosses Asia from the Amoor River to the Urals. Over this post-road there is a mail-route, and a telegraph working all the year round. But as soon as the country covers with snow, the traffic on it begins in earnest, and the cold which shuts up the rest of the empire awakens to life "that dear Siberia," as ladies in the salons of St. Petersburg will sometimes style it, as memories of the easy-going life and gay society of Irkutsk and Jakutsk flit across their blasé memories. Hundreds of sledges cover the roads and the endless frozen rivers which now form the highways for travel. From the tûndras the pagan brings in his sablés, and from Kiakhta the Mongol sends that fragrant tea which, drunk with lemon, is the joy of St. Petersburg. From Russia the merchant sledges his costly goods; and from the storehouse in the heart of Asia the trader dispatches to market the still more precious furs, metals, fossil ivory, and gems which will alone bear the expense of transportation over three thousand miles of rough roads. Even the farmer welcomes the snow, since in Transbaïkâlia it enables him to carry his sheaves to the barn on sledges. Winter is, indeed, the period when men travel most in Siberia; for then mosquitoes have disappeared, the roads are smooth, and the cold is easier to bear than the heat. Day and night the sledges keep on their monotonous course, until in less than ten weeks the long circuit between the Pacific and the Atlantic is compassed. The traveller, swathed in furs, is woke out of an uneasy sleep by the jingle of sledge-bells; and before he is sufficiently alive to ask who has passed under the stars, the echo of a cheery Russian oath a mile away tells that a courier of the Czar is speeding on his way to Europe. No country in the world has such splendid water communication as Siberia. Unhappily, however, all its rivers, except the Amoor, flow into the Arctic Ocean, and hence they are as yet solely valuable for inland traffic. The discoveries of Captain Wiggins and Baron Nordenskjöld held out bright hopes that during two months in the autumn the ice so far moves off the coast as to permit ships to reach every year as far as the Yenisei, and even the Lena; but that expectation, it is feared, will not be fulfilled. For two seasons no vessels have accomplished the voyage; and, at all events, the risk of failure is too great to permit a prudent merchant to run the risk of being frozen in hard by the Samoyede peninsula or in Nova Zembla. The Germans, Danes, and a few private firms in England and in Siberia have bestirred themselves in the matter, though as yet without much success. Nor is the Russian government, despite their affected desire to open up Siberia, more than lukewarm over the foreigners' efforts. They have clapped custom-houses on the river-mouths; and, a custom-house once built, the average Russian official considers commerce has nothing more to reasonably expect from the Board of Trade. A railway has, however, been begun, and in time doubtless will have branches over the whole country. Then the future of Siberia will have arrived; its riches, at present undeveloped, will be brought to market, and goods which are worthless in the country will find ready purchasers in Europe. Above all, if the government displays any liberality, a class of immigrants very different from those which are now dispatched across the Urals will find a voluntary home in this great lone land.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A New York wit said a choice thing the other day. The conversation turned on a well-known native of this city, who had taken unto herself in the course of years quite a number of husbands, and gotten rid of them all with ease and dispatch. Having taken up her residence in Europe, and assumed a title, she attracted some attention, and on the occasion in question it was mentioned that an inquiry had come thence as to who the Duchess of —— might be. The wit immediately said, "I should answer that she was a very pretty woman, and the wife of several of our best citizens!"

A little knowledge of French is a dangerous thing. Even those who have derived it from the aggravating Ollendorff know that the verb *garder* means to "keep" or "retain"; but a worthy postmaster, not a thousand miles from New York, recently came to his undoing on this very signification.

"I have found," he said, "my knowledge of Greek and Latin of the greatest service in improving my command of French. It is really a great help; and I now feel quite at home in that polite language, and can make practical use of it. For instance, you know that French gentleman who was here a month ago. Well, sir, he wrote to me, 'Gardez mes lettres'; and I sent them right along."

This suggests the ever-amusing story of the man who had worked faithfully and patiently at Ollendorff, and thirsted for an opportunity of airing the knowledge of the "language of Europe," which he fondly fancied he had acquired. Europe not being accessible, he chose Montreal as the best substitute, conceiving that he would find there many French or French-speaking Canadians. He arrived at the old St. Lawrence Hall, and sat down to breakfast. Scanning his neighbors carefully, he saw a man whom he felt sure would "fill the bill"—a French Canadian *au bout des doights*. Summoning to his aid the colloquial lore which he had so hardly acquired, he asked, "Avez-vous le chapeau de mon père?"

The man politely replied, "Non, monsieur, mais j'ai les souliers de votre mère."

So far, so good. Again asked the aspirant, "Avez-vous le bon pain du boulanger?"

"Non, monsieur, mais j'ai le bon cuir du cordonnier."

Once more: "Avez-vous le marteau du charpentier?"

The supposed French Canadian hesitated a moment, and then said, in choice New England American,

"Wa'al, now, blamed if I ain't forgotten the French of the answer to that, but I know the English!"

It was another victim of Ollendorff, and on a similar mission.

The weather with which the new year opened in New York reminded those who saw 1875 open in Paris of the celebrated 1st of January of that year, when the beautiful city was covered with the *verglas*, or glazed frost. It came on during the evening, and the oldest inhabitants never saw such scenes. It was impossible to walk, or even stand upright; some three hundred horses perished in the streets; and the many people who were passing the evening at the houses of friends, or at places of amusement, had the utmost difficulty in reaching their homes. Men took off their boots, and walked home in their stockinged feet; and one American lady, well known in New York, only reached her apartment by the aid of her husband, her footman, and her shawl. The last-named was placed on the sidewalk, and she walked its length; then the two men took hold of the rear end, and crawling as best they could, dragged it round to the front, and so on. One gentleman, whose carriage did not come to the theatre for him, and who had infinite trouble in securing a place wherein to spend the night, called his coachman the next morning, and asked why he had not come for him. With the Frenchman's inimitable shrug of the shoulders, the man replied, "The carriage of monsieur passed the night in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and I come this moment from the fruitless effort, with the aid of six men and three horses, to move it at all."

A German Jew lately entered the store of a well-known New York merchant with a wide band of crape on his hat. On being asked the cause, he said: "You do not hear dat I lose mein vife? She was a goot voman, economical voman, und I griefe pecause I lose her. I radder lose all de clerks in my shtore dan dat voman."

Perhaps this was the same man who vehemently cried, when a case of goods had been returned to him: "I vill not shtand dis. De *indignity* von dis house must be breserved!"

It was our present minister at the court of St. James who so happily cried out, when called upon to speak at a dinner where Holmes presided:

"As I rise, Mr. Autocrat, grim with despair,
And look at you smiling complacently there,
I ask, as I cant my drained mind for the dregs,
What's the use of a Chair that tilts folks on their
legs?"

Not very long ago, when the mining excitement was raging, the Frenchmen undertook to share in it, and they bought a silver mine in Utah. This mine was advertised in a French illustrated paper, in which it was described as situated in "Territoire de Bingham, Amérique du Nord" (Bingham Territory, North America). Such a Territory could not be found on the map, and it was finally discovered that it was Bingham Cañon, not Bingham Territory.

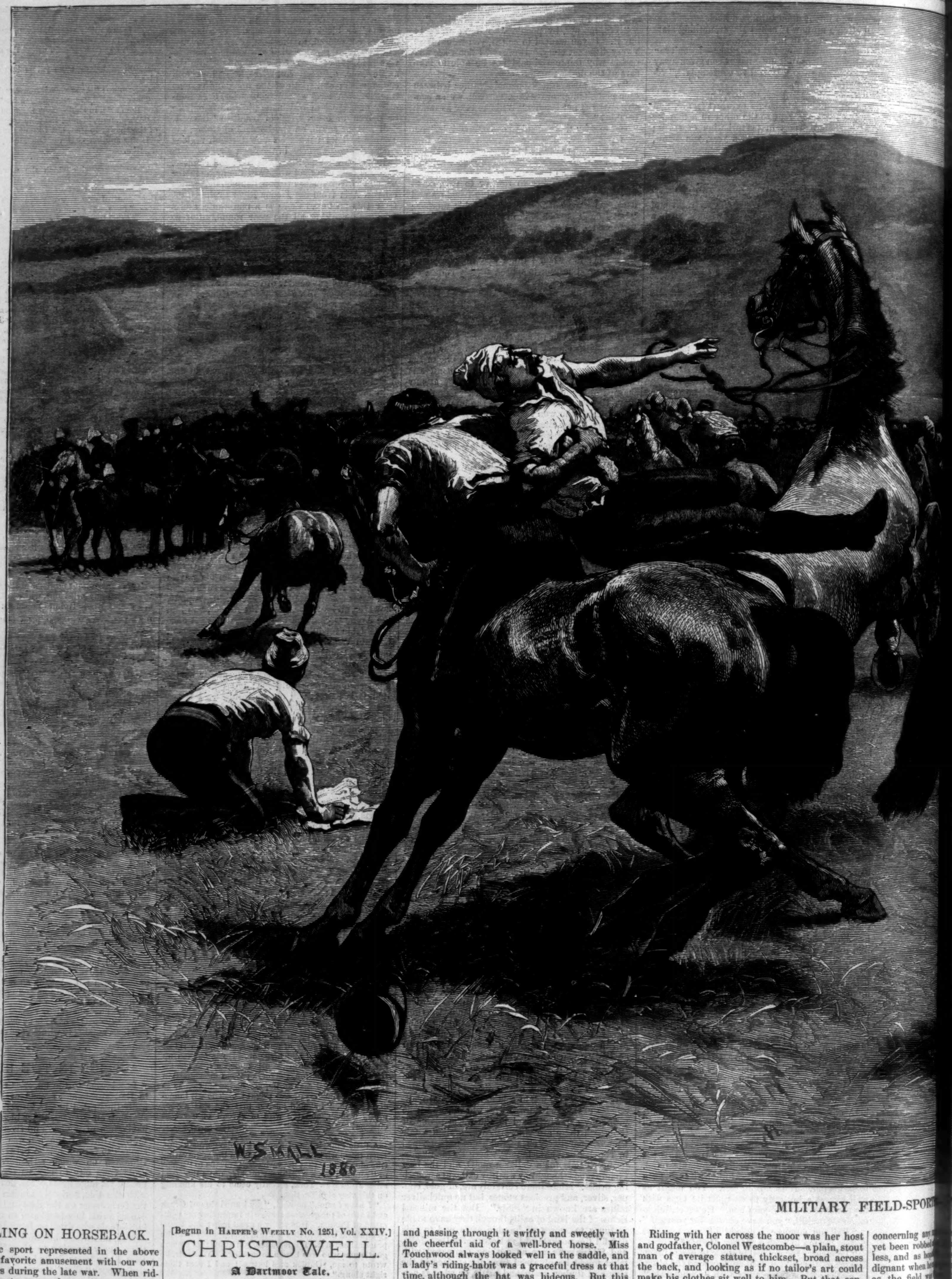
Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression common to the real Western American than the answer of the grim man of the Sierras, who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied, "Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is that he'd make a first-class stranger"?

Another good Paris story, now current, is that of the Abbé Terrasson, who had rooms on the upper floor of the house of a relative, the celebrated lawyer of the same name. When going out, he would come down stairs fully dressed, with the exception of his peruke and his shoes. In the basement he would leave his red night-cap, and slippers of the same color, and properly equip himself for the street. One day he came down stairs so much occupied in reading a volume of Homer that he forgot the needful preparations for his walk, and going out, promenaded as far as the Pont St. Michel in red cap and slippers. Of course the passers-by laughed immoderately, but the good abbé heeded them not. Finally an old woman called his attention to his condition, and gravely thanking her, he returned to complete his street toilet. As he entered the house he quietly remarked, "I have been affording the people of Paris an entertainment which it cost them nothing to witness, and me nothing to give."

ICE IN THE RIVER.

In addition to the miseries of a January thaw in the snow-bound streets of New York, graphically illustrated by Mr. Hopkins in the series of sketches on page 69, an ice-blockade impeded the navigation of the bay and rivers to a serious extent. Although the ice was at no time firm enough to form a bridge between New York and Brooklyn on which adventurous people could cross from city to city, as sometimes has happened, yet huge fields of ice, floating up and down with the tide, seriously hindered the passage of the ferry-boats on the East and North rivers, and caused great inconvenience to those unfortunate individuals who dwell on Long Island and in New Jersey, and whose business or employment calls them every morning to New York. While the East River boats drifted everywhere but toward their proper "slips," thousands of eyes gazed longingly upon the skeleton of the unfinished bridge swinging high above them, and many and earnest were the prayers that it might be speedily completed.

A good idea of the ice-blockade may be obtained from Mr. Davidson's picture on page 68. The shoal waters of the Jersey flats and some portions of the lower bay are the reservoirs where ice forms in large solid fields. These are broken up by the rise and fall of the tide, and floated into the rivers, with the results depicted by our artist,



MILITARY FIELD-SPORT

WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK.

The athletic sport represented in the above picture was a favorite amusement with our own cavalry soldiers during the late war. When riding their horses to water, they used to engage in many a tough contest of dexterity and strength, each rider trying to pull his fellow from his horse. In the English army, wrestling on horseback has become quite popular as a part of a cavalryman's training. The contestants ride without saddles, and are divided into parties, as represented in our picture, distinguished by their headgear. Many a man gets a rough tumble, and the sport, while not entirely free from danger, is full of healthy excitement.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLONEL WESTCOMBE.

While the sportive Cantab thus broke into Mr. Arthur's humble greenhouse, his sister Julia was enjoying the keen air of the western moors, and passing through it swiftly and sweetly with the cheerful aid of a well-bred horse. Miss Touchwood always looked well in the saddle, and a lady's riding-habit was a graceful dress at that time, although the hat was hideous. But this young lady, thinking for herself, would not wear the hideous hat, but designed in lieu thereof a sensible and becoming head-gear, and got it made at Devonport. With its curving rim turned up at one side, and a gray feather pluming round the front, without any monstrous buckle, it sat lightly over her long dark eyebrows, clear eyes, and expressive face. "What a booty her be!" said a tramp, to whom she had thrown a shilling graciously. "So her maight be," his wife replied, "so long as her getteth her own way."

Riding with her across the moor was her host and godfather, Colonel Westcombe—a plain, stout man of average stature, thickset, broad across the back, and looking as if no tailor's art could make his clothes sit well to him. But that consideration moved him not, so long as he had plenty of room inside them. He thought of appearances no more than "Captain Larks" himself did, though he liked to see ladies nicely dressed, and young men looking tidy. Upon his face his character was as clearly outlined as his nose—a distinct and eloquent feature. Any one could see that he was simple-minded, slow at working out the twists of thought, accustomed to let his ideas flow into the mould of words before dealing with them, gently reluctant to think evil of mankind concerning any
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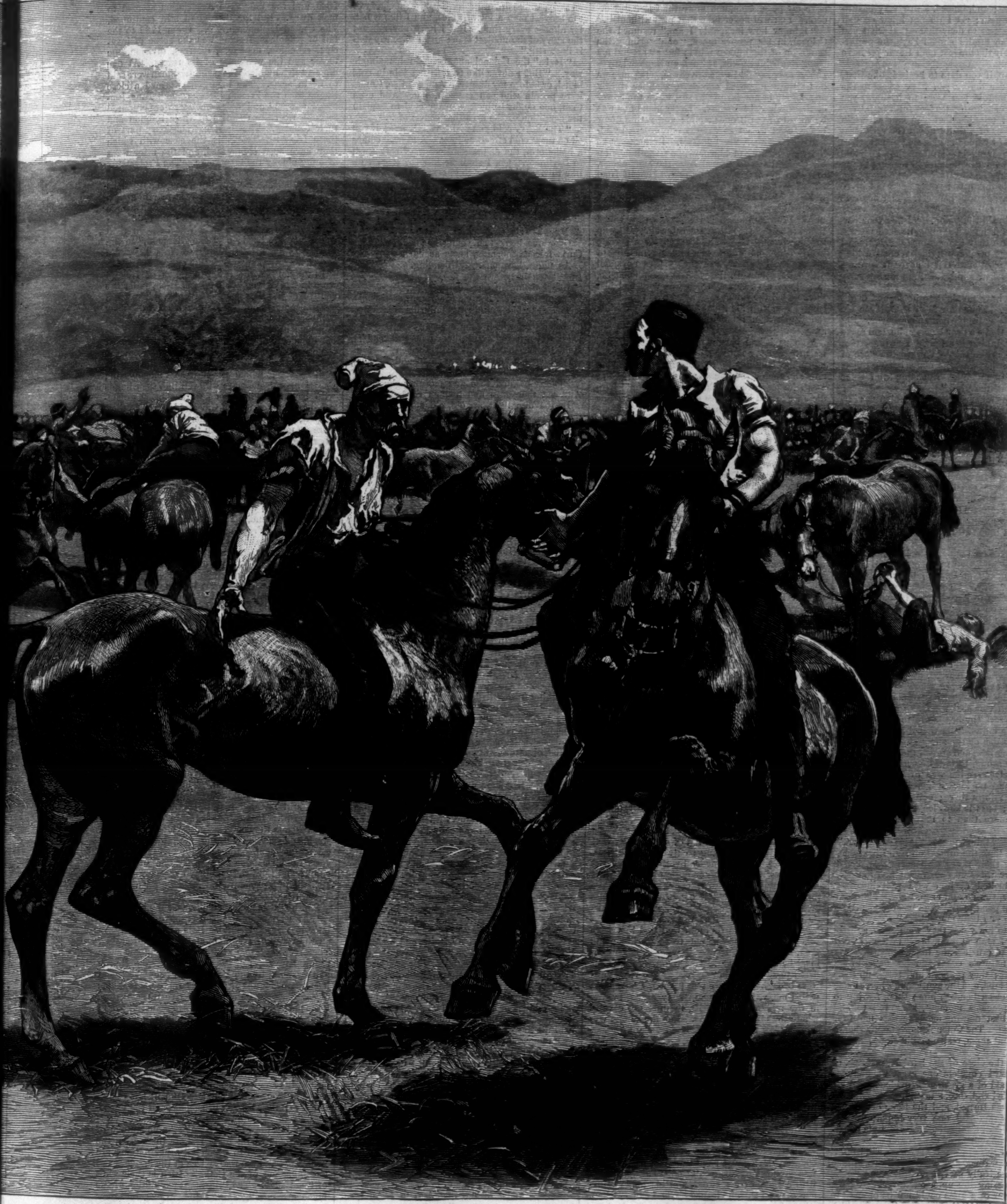

ORT WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK.

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to do with them in life,
s of blood, forgave upon
his death-bed all the injuries he had done, and left all his property, when quite despaired of, to his next of kin and right heir, Colonel John Westcombe.

That well-known warrior and strong sharpshooter against the sap-work of poverty was amazed at being taken in the rear like this, and surrounded with an army bearing gifts. For a month of market-days he was out of sorts at not having to do his own marketing, for his clear sense told him that what used to be economy would now be no better than meanness. For the sake of his wife, whose health was weak, and of his son, who had the world before him, he was bound to rejoice at this access of wealth; but for himself, as he was laid upon the shelf, he would rather have rested on an oaken than a golden one.

"If you please, Uncle John," said his fair goddaughter, who had leave to call him so, though she was only of church-kin to him, "I can not allow you to stay in the silent mood which is growing over you."

"My dear, I beg your pardon," he answered, with his simple courtesy and pleasantness; "I am sure I would have talked if I had anything to sav. But surely with all this noble prospect—hills, and valleys, and water-courses, and the gorse coming out, and the sheep and the ponies—you would much rather look about than talk."

"Not for a moment; I am used to all that. It comes and goes just the same, and tells me nothing. I would rather have one of your stories of the war than all the hills of Dartmoor, and the valleys full of water, and the sheep that must terminate in tough mutton. And the beauty of your stories is that they must be true, because you always tell them in the very same words, and with the very same look every time."

"What a prosaic companion you have got! They say that Charles II. told his stories always so; but I hope that I resemble him in few other points. Now which of my stories do you wish me to begin?"

"The two, Uncle John; the famous pair which you promise to tell when you have had a good dinner. You must know the two I mean as well as I do. The first is about the bravest man you ever met with, and the second ought to be about the noblest man. The one I have heard always makes me proud of being born in England. I would rather hear such than see fifty miles of moorland, or even a water-fall fifty feet high, because they stir me into great ideas without making me seem small. Oh, how can poor Dicky spend the best of his time in rat-hunting?"

"Different people look at things from different points of view, my dear," said the Colonel, who liked a rat-hunt himself, and also was fond of a water-fall, and a fine view from the saddle. For although he never noticed things particularly much, he was pleased that they should pass by him nicely, without obliging him to think, any more than change of air might do. "As long as

I can remember, Julia, I have been an admirer of fine landscapes; and, indeed, I saw very beautiful things in Spain; yet I do not know enough about such matters to deny that—that what you may call human affairs should have the preference. Certainly the bravest man I ever yet have met with—"

"Uncle John, if you dare to begin it like that, you will flounder before you have come to the snuff place; and if you were to hesitate, you would begin to shake my perfect faith in it."

"Julia, is it possible that you can entertain the mere shadow of a doubt about the very least particular? If I could imagine that you did that, you should never again—I mean that I should never take any further pleasure in relating to you that or any other fact again."

"Now, Uncle John, you really must not be so exceedingly savage and peppery. You begin to remind me of—well, never mind."

"My dear," said the Colonel, "I beg your pardon heartily if I have hastily expressed myself. I am well aware that I sometimes do so, since I came into what people will insist upon calling my improved position. But I never mean anything by it, my dear child, and I am always sorry afterward."

"Then you have no right to be so, and ought to go on more. Your only fault is that you are too fond of letting people triumph over you. But now be quick, that's a dear Uncle John, and make amends by beginning it aright. You know that it always begins like this—'Toward the close of the hardest, perhaps, of the many hard conflicts our great Commander'— But stop, till I come the right way of the wind."

"I am not at all sure," her companion answered, as the young lady drew her horse to the leeward side of his, and looked at him with an encouraging smile, "that it is in my power to do justice to that remarkable little incident while I am riding a fast-trotting horse. I was thoroughly used to a horse in my youth, for my father did afford to keep one, and I was on his back perpetually. And in the Peninsula, I have ridden some thousands of miles with dispatches. But for five-and-twenty years, since I have not been wanted, our circumstances did not permit of much riding; and it takes a little time to be comfortable again."

"You ride like a Centaur, Uncle John. It is impossible for anybody to ride better. But still I can easily understand that you like to do things in the regular way. Look, here are two great stones that seem to have dropped from the sky on purpose to be sat upon. Suppose we jump off, and rest the horses, and you can enjoy all the landscape while you talk."

By the side of the long and lonely track, these hoary granite blocks invited the traveller to a breezy rest. A tranquil mind would not have found that invitation marred, because accepted, through long ages now, by those who have the rest without the breeze. The stones are the well-known "Coffin Stones," whereat for more than six hundred years the bearers of the dead across the moor have halted from their heavy plod, laid down their burden on the stones, to take its latest stretch of mountain, and spread their own bodies on the grass around, to talk of what would happen to themselves ere long. Of these things the young lady had no knowledge, else would she never have sat down there; neither did her companion know; but the knowledge would not have moved him more than to make him sit bareheaded.

"Let the poor things graze; the grass is sweet," he said as he took the bridles off; and the nags, after jerking their noses with surprise, pricked their ears forward—not enough for him to catch them—and looked at him with well-meaning doubt. "Yes, you go and crop, I say. The Lord has given you good teeth. And be sure you come at once when you hear me whistle."

Obedient to his voice, they went, with a little tenderness of step at first, because it was long since they had crushed the blade; but presently the joy of nature's color and the taste broke forth in them; they pranced and threw up their heels and capered, and the gentleman's horse made his stirrups clash beneath him; then, fearing to waste one precious moment, they fell to and worked the best mowing-machine that has ever been invented. The Colonel, more happy than a king, smiled at them, rested on his elbow, and began his tale.

"Toward the close of the hardest, perhaps, of the many hard conflicts our great Commander won, by the aid of a gracious Providence and his own unwearied vigilance, although the position of the enemy was turned, and the issue of the day was scarcely doubtful, one very important post held out, and had repulsed all our attempts to carry it. The difficulties of the ground were great; not only was the approach very steep, and intersected by a water-course, but also the French artillery, beautifully served at grape-shot range, poured a crossing fire upon our attack. At the same time, our own guns could not be brought to bear with any good effect upon this crest, which was defended with admirable spirit by a body of seasoned veterans, as calm and as steady as our very best brigade. In short, there seemed no chance of carrying the position without fearful sacrifice, or even with it.

"The line of the enemy, as I have said, was being driven in at almost every other point; and our great Commander perceiving that we must eventually obtain this post, sent orders that as we could not take it, we should maintain our position, until the post was taken for us.

"Gentlemen—or rather I should say, 'my dear'—it is impossible for me to make you understand what the feeling of our division was when we received that message."

"Yes, Uncle John, I can understand it thoroughly. I should have been ready to knock my head against the first French cannon I could find. But here you always take a pinch of snuff, with permission of the ladies, if any are present. You have my permission, and more than that, my orders. You will never take that post without it."

"I know how incapable I am," resumed the Colonel, in his proper tones, "of describing the condition of the human mind; but all around me being Englishmen—or, at least, an English lady—I need only say that we were vexed. Because we had always supposed ourselves, whether rightly or wrongly is not for me to say, to be the flower of the whole British army. Every man of us was burning to be at it once again; and yet we knew better than to set at naught our orders, by attempting another direct assault. I remember, as if I were looking at him now, how the indomitable General H—— turned from the staff officer, and spat upon the ground, to save himself from swearing at our great Commander. But while we were all of us as red as a rocket, a young fellow who had lately joined our division, a lieutenant in the 'Never-mind-what Hussars,' as we called them, from their recklessness, came sheepishly up to our General H——, and asked for a private word with him. The General knew something of his family, I believe, and that makes no small difference, even with the strictest discipline. So, in spite of his temper, which was very bad just then, he led the young man apart; and presently came back, with his usual smile recovered, while the young man remounted his horse and rode away.

"To us it had been a most irksome thing to wait there doing nothing, but hearing in the distance the laughter of the enemy, and receiving now and then a round shot; and when there was a call for some forty volunteers who could handle an axe and haul trees away, the only trouble was to choose the men. Having been lucky enough to do something which pleased the General that morning, and being rather supple-jointed in those days, I obtained the command of this little detachment, under very simple orders. Our duty was nothing more than to draw three corks, as the General said, with a laugh at his own wit; and I never draw a cork now, or get it done for me—since I lost the right of doing my own work—without thinking what a hard job it was on that occasion.

"It seems that the young man I told you of just now was very fond of wandering among the woods alone, whenever he could get the opportunity, without actual breach of orders; and he had just recognized the spur of the hill, which the enemy held so stubbornly, as a spot well known to him from a former visit. And unless his memory deceived him altogether, a narrow neck of land would be found running down slantwise from the hill on our right into the very heart of the position. With a hundred or a hundred and fifty horses, dashing down upon the guns, while engaged in front, the whole must fall into our hands at once. Only there was no possibility of a charge while three young cork-trees, which stood upon the neck at its narrowest point, were standing.

"Now the difficulty was, as you will see at once, if you honor me by following my story, gentlemen, not only to cut down those three trees, but to get them clean out of the way, ere ever the enemy should have time to learn what was intended, and bring their guns to bear in that direction. In such a case, cavalry crowded together would simply be blown away like wads; so that we were forced to go to work very warily, taking advantage of the sham attack in front.

"The trees were quite young, and the softness of the bark dulled the sound of our axes, as well as their edge; and being partly sheltered from the outlook of the enemy by the form of the ground, we were getting on quite nicely, and had cleared away two of the trees, and felled the third, and were rolling it out of the way before giving the signal for the charge, when the whistle of grape-shot told us that we had been discovered. One man fell, and we lifted him aside that the horses might not tread on him; and then, at any risk, I gave the signal, because it must be now or never. Our volunteers were ordered to slip off right and left, as two other guns were brought to bear on us; but my duty compelled me, very much against my liking, to stop in the middle of the drift, to show our cavalry where the obstruction was. For the smoke was hanging low upon the ground, just like a fog.

"Now while I stood there, without any consideration, and spread out like a finger-post—for I had not the courage to be careful—the enemy sent another volley up the drift, and much of it fell to my share. So that if they had measured their powder aright, I had never lived to find fault with it. Down I went, just in the stream of the track, and for three months heard no more of it.

"But the men at the side, who were out of the way, gave a very clear history of what happened when the shower of grape went past them. The charge, which must have trampled me to death, was stopped by the young officer commanding, with a wave of his sword, and his horse reined across; and then he leaped off, and came alone to where I lay. In the thickest of the fire he lifted me, they said, as calmly as a nurse takes a baby from the cradle, and placed me behind the cork-tree, where shot could never touch me, and the hoof must turn aside. Then he tore off the scarf from his neck, and bound up a wound that was draining my body; while the Frenchmen perceived him as the smoke rolled off, and like truly noble fellows forbore their fire. He kissed his hand to them in acknowledgment of this, and then shouting to them that the fighting was resumed, returned to his horse, gave the signal to charge, and carried their guns in a twinkling. Now, such a deed as that makes one proud to be an Englishman."

"Or even a good Frenchman," fair Julia replied. "I scarcely know which of them behaved the best. And though you make so little of your own part, I think you were the hero of the whole thing, Uncle John. But of course you found out the young officer's name? And now for the other story, Uncle John. I have heard this story of the bravest man a lot of times, and I like it better almost every time. But I have never heard the story of the noblest man; and I dare say that is finer still."

"It is," the Colonel answered, in his simple way. "But I never like to tell that tale in cold blood, or before my dinner. And even so, I must have people who can enter into it. And even then, one ought to have a heavy cold to explain the condition of the eyes that comes of it."

"The heavy cold you will certainly have, if you sit on these cold stones so long. And here comes a hail-storm, the delicate attention of soft April to Dartmoor. Oh, I shall be blind if it goes on like this. Whistle for the horses, uncle dear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW-YEAR TABLEAU.

A NEW-YEAR'S EVE—a cozy room—
Over one book two young heads bending;
Curls fair as morning, locks as dark
As night, harmoniously blending.
In easy-chair before the fire,
Her knitting in her lap reposing,
Puss by her side, her charge forgot,
The dear old grandma calmly dozing.

The page on which four eyes are bent
(His brown and frank, hers blue and tender),
Held by two hands that lightly touch
(One strong and firm, one small and slender),
A blank, save in one corner, where
Blooms painted rose and morning-glory;
And yet the youth and maiden read,
In the dim light, an old, old story.

"How sweet 'twould be could we begin
The 'Happy New Year,' dear, together!"
He reads; "I'd smooth life's paths for you,
And shield you from life's stormy weather.
Shrined in my heart since first we met,
No one can e'er be set above you.
I love you!" And, with crimsoned cheek,
She reads the sentence o'er: "'I love you!'"

The chimes ring out; a year is dead—
A year is born; and softly stirring,
Grandmother wakes and peers about:
The young folks read, the cat is purring—
All seems the same as 'twas before
She slept; but, ah! 'tis only seeming.
Warm lips have met, two souls have kissed,
Two hearts of marriage bells are dreaming.

IRELAND'S REVOLUTIONS.

THE bitter satirical pictures of Ireland's degradation drawn by Swift's matchless pen first seem to have awakened its people to a new hope, and the *Drapier Letters* gave rise to its modern revolutions. The American Revolution even borrowed something from Swift's powerful suggestions, and Otis and Jefferson almost repeat his language in their defense of the freedom of America. "The remedy is in your own hands," cried the Dean to his oppressed, half-savage countrymen. "By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as are your brethren in England." Swift spoke only to the Protestant Irish, and never, perhaps, fancied that the abject Catholics, the descendants of the Irish kerns of Spenser and Raleigh, would ever dream of freedom. In Swift's time, Protestants and Catholics were oppressed alike by the English laws, and it was chiefly upon the restrictions in trade and manufactures that the first champion of Ireland chose to dwell. He would never have consented to the repeal of the penal laws that held the Catholics in a condition of serfdom. Yet he was adopted by the people of Dublin and all the Irish as their friend and leader, and when he died, was borne to St. Patrick's Cathedral amidst the tears of Ireland.

Swift's words soon bore fruits, and as early as 1759 a society known as the "White Boys" appeared in the lower counties. In Munster and Tipperary it was purely Roman Catholic, and was led by a priest, Father Sheehy, who was afterward hanged. The secret association indulged in all the atrocities of a band of Thugs. It murdered, it maimed cattle, burned houses, plundered, and held all the country in disorder. Its chief aim was to prevent the collection of tithes, and its leaders were usually priests. One Protestant the White Boys took from his bed at night, cut off his ears, and buried him up to his chin in the ground; others they whipped, maimed, or murdered. The ignorant Catholic population were stirred to a fierce excitement by the various links of the secret association, by nightly meetings, and visions of success and freedom. It was even whispered that the famous Edmund Burke was not unacquainted with their plans, and that his connection with the Catholic family of the Nugents had drawn him into too close an intimacy with the chiefs of the rebellion.

In the midst of the disorders in Ireland, secret or open, the American Revolution began, and the new impulse toward freedom was felt first among its dissatisfied people. The White Boys seemed forgotten. A new association grew up, formed of both Protestants and Catholics, whose apparent aim was to defend the country, to obtain the redress of grievances, whose secret one was independence. The Protestants of the North entered with ardor into the new league of Irish Volunteers, and the Roman Catholic leaders promised with apparent sincerity that all religious differences should be forgotten, and only the welfare of the people form the common aim. The Protestants would never have consented to independence, and even the moderate Roman Catholics had no share in the extreme objects of their associates. The society soon grew to an extraordinary strength. It numbered, in 1781, fifty thousand men, armed and disciplined. The English government, in the midst of its many disasters, yielded to some of the demands of the Irish, and the Volunteer Association seemed to melt away. But the discontent still continued. The United Irishmen arose. From 1782 to the fall of Napoleon, Ireland was the scene of invasion, rebellion, massacre, distress, division, the terror and the weakness of its rulers. At one moment five hundred thousand Irishmen were said to be in arms. The insurgents formed a close league with the French Directory, and Tone, Emmet, Fitzgerald, and their associates were prepared to unite with the enemies of their religion and their country. The most extraordinary part of these Irish revolutions is the ease with which they have been suppressed, and the utter want of unity among the insurgents. The Protestants soon withdrew from their association with the extreme Catholics. Each rising assumed a religious and sectarian character; the most fearful atrocities were committed among the Protestant people of the south, and the great rising of 1793 soon assumed the character of a war between rival sects. At the battle of "The Diamond," in the County Armagh, 1794, the Protestants inflicted a severe defeat upon their feeble opponents.

In May, 1798, the lower counties of Ireland were in active rebellion, and the Irish, under the control of a priest named Murphy, a savage, a skillful commander, seized upon Wexford. They numbered 15,000 men. Another priest, Roche, a still bolder soldier, defeated an English army under Colonel Walpole, and at Arklow the valor of the royal forces scarcely saved them from the fierce rage of the Irish. At last the insurgents gathered their whole strength at Vinegar Hill; they treated Protestants who fell into their hands with brutal cruelty; some were shot, some impaled upon pikes, and the miserable Irish, in their despair, preyed upon each other. The Protestants were no more humane than their opponents, and when the rebels were beaten at Vinegar Hill, their chief leaders were put to death. Once again they rose, when a small French force landed, and put to flight an English army of 3000 men. But the French were soon captured, the English fleet drove back the ships and soldiers of Napoleon, and Ireland sank into a complete subjection. It was united to England in 1801, bleeding and hopeless, and then Irish Protestant members sat first in the British Parliament.

Next came O'Connell, agitating against Roman Catholic disabilities, and holding in his hand the destiny of his Catholic fellow-subjects. He was bold, eloquent, rude, severe; but he conquered at last, and himself entered Parliament, 1830, the champion of his country. O'Connell was opposed to violent measures, to rebellion, bloodshed, war; he controlled his immense audiences with rude dexterity, held back his countrymen from all excesses, and taught them the first lessons of humanity. But at times their savage rage passed all control. O'Connell said and did many foolish things; he was a despot, ruling by force of will, but he atoned for his follies by a wise respect for human life. Later, in 1847–48, came the famine in Ireland, the loss of countless lives, a general emigration, and a change in the condition of the country. In 1845 Ireland had a population of 8,000,000; within a few years it lost nearly 3,000,000. But still labor was ill rewarded, at least in the south; discontent still continued; the people were never at rest. The Protestant north was prosperous and satisfied, but the Catholic south still lingered in poverty, and still threatened revolt. It is said that the real cause of this difference is the condition of the land laws; even Mr. Froude says that "of all the fatal gifts which we bestowed upon our unhappy possession, the most fatal was our English system of owning land"; and Lord Derby, thirty-five years ago, and Mr. Bright, later, unite in the desire for a change in the Irish law.

Smith O'Brien's insurrection, Fenianism, and a ceaseless tendency to disorder have marked the later history of Ireland. It is a country always on the verge of rebellion, and always miserable. There can be found no period in its annals since the first invasion of the Normans—the first sale of the island by the Pope to the English—when it has reached any prosperous repose. It is one of the most fertile and productive of countries; its manufactures in the north are flourishing, and its pasture lands of the south might be made to feed a nation. Yet its people—at least the Catholic portion of them—have remained uncultivated, half-barbarous, plunged in fearful want, the constant objects of the sympathy and the alms of their neighbors. One cause of this unfortunate condition of the southern counties of Ireland is the absence of education. The government has founded an excellent system of schools, and the opportunities of self-improvement are offered everywhere; but the people do not take advantage of them; some secret barrier shuts them from the path of progress to which all other nations are hastening, and the real source of the helplessness and indigence of the Catholic Irish is their want of knowledge. The Protestant population of the north are intelligent and industrious, but their brethren in the south linger behind all other European nations in their stolid ignorance.

Possibly, if some of those Irish reformers who are so active in stirring up their people to violence, outrage, and murder, would discover some means of bringing them all under the influence of their public schools, and raising them to an equality with their neighbors in general intelligence, they would soon effect a lasting revolution by much less questionable means. An educated people is always capable of asserting its own claims to independence, and defending them. Before an educated Ireland, landlordism would soon pass away, as it is passing away in our Southern States; the intelligence of the people would soon introduce better habits of living; they would learn the arts that have made other nations prosperous; and the liberal changes in the land laws proposed by the government would enable a great number of the tenantry to become at last owners of the soil. The solution of the Irish question must at last become an educational one. So long as the Irish remain uneducated, they must continue oppressed and degraded, the victims of landlords and agitators, incapable of self-government, blindly led to their ruin. But it is worthy of notice that nearly all the Irish agitations have led to some real progress: the bitter satires of Swift set Ireland free; the United Irishmen won equality with England; O'Connell aided and produced Catholic Emancipation; the gifts of new land laws and tenant rights offered by the English ministry were the fruits of late agitations; and if the Irish people shall by their latest disturbances be induced to throw off the dullness that has so long oppressed them, and join the ranks of the liberal and progressive nations—if they seek knowledge, like France and Italy, as the true source of hope—they will have no longer any reason to complain of their lot.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

IN trade, as in war, readiness to seize upon all available circumstances that may tend to accomplish the object we have in view is useful. Here is a story in point. A commercial gentleman in Jamaica wrote home to a merchant in the west of Scotland, telling him what a fine market there was at the time in that island for British goods. The merchant in question was noted at once for his ignorance and for the success of his export ventures; and a wag among his acquaintances had offered a wager that on this occasion he would put him on a losing track. He therefore advised the merchant as to the nature of his proposed consignment, and, of all things in the world for a place like Jamaica, what should that consignment consist of but warming-pans! When they arrived, the consignee was at first in a state of the utmost consternation, and did not know what to make of them. But presently his ingenuity came to his aid. He saw that the warming-pans, if useless as such, were not quite without possibilities of adaptation to other uses; accordingly, he had the lids knocked off them, after which both pans and lids were offered to the sugar manufacturers as skimmers to skim their sugar vats. They were found to answer the purpose admirably; and there being a great crop of sugar that year, the whole consignment of metamorphosed warming-pans was disposed of with a handsome profit. It is scarcely necessary to add that the wag lost his bet.

Another story occurs to us of the advantage of being able to apply one's knowledge in an emergency. An eminent firm of woollen manufacturers received a commission to make a particular fabric out of a special kind of wool which it was desired at the time to introduce into the home markets. As the fabric thus made was to be sent to one of the international exhibitions, the manufacturers were required to give a guarantee that they would use the particular wool sent them, and no other, in making up the goods. In the course of the dyeing processes, one color, upon which the whole beauty of the pattern depended, came out so impure and defective that the portion of wool so dyed was considered hopelessly spoiled. It was an awkward circumstance for the manufacturers, as to have made a request for additional wool would have been a confession of bad workmanship at the outset. In this emergency, a workman in the dye-house, who acted as a vat-man—a position little above that of an ordinary laborer—but who, with good natural parts and a taste for his work, had privately acquired considerable knowledge of the chemistry of dyeing, came to their aid. He expressed the opinion to a fellow-workman that the color might yet be restored to comparative purity; and this opinion being carried to one of the principals, permission was given to the vat-man to make the experiment. The wool, it was considered, was lost at any rate—an experiment with it, however hopeless it looked, could not make things worse. The vat-man for the time being got the full use of his superior's dyeing stuffs and apparatus, and with such success that the color was brought out on the wool in all its brightness and purity. This was the making of the vat-man, who in a short time afterward attained to the position of chief of the dyeing department, and ultimately went into business for himself, and prospered. His readiness of resource had not only led to his own advancement, but had saved the manufacturing reputation of the firm by which he was employed.

MORE CRUSOES THAN ONE.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK tried the experiment of living in solitary independence, of his own option, and under very favorable conditions. The island whereon he elected to abide was one of the fairest spots upon earth, blessed with a delicious climate and grateful soil. He was well provided with clothes to cover him, arms to protect him, books and tobacco to solace him. His larder was well supplied with kid flesh, fish, seal, and sea-lion meat, which he could season to his liking with pimento pepper; while cabbages, turnips, radishes, parsnips, purslain, parsley, and water-cress were at his command. Still, it took eight months to reconcile Selkirk to his self-elected lot, and after enduring it for four years, he gladly bade adieu to his Eveless paradise.

In 1818, an American sailor was taken off a desolate rock in the South Seas by a boat's crew belonging to H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte*, whose attention had been drawn to the spot by the smoke of a sea-weed fire. He had, three years before, been left there, with three companions, all of whom had quickly succumbed, while he had lived on, sustaining life by feeding upon the flesh of birds, and drinking their blood.

The find of the *Queen Charlotte's* men was not so surprising as that of the Flemish seaman Pickman, when, in 1616, his ship grounded near a small island-rock between Scotland and Ireland. Some of his men, going in search of eggs, came upon a black hairy creature, who by signs entreated them to come to close acquaintance; and finding the strange object to be really a man, they took him on board with them to tell the skipper his story. It was a melancholy one. He and two others, occupants of the passage-boat between England and Ireland, had been captured, and afterward cast off, by a French privateer. Having nothing eatable save a little sugar with them, one of the three soon died of starvation; the others lived to be driven on the island, where they built a hut out of what was left of the boat, and for six weeks lived upon sea-mews, sea-dogs, eggs, and water. Then the partners in misfortune parted company, one of them disappearing, leaving his forlorn friend in utter ignorance of his fate; he could only surmise that he had fallen into the sea while searching for eggs. Months passed, and the poor fellow lost all hope of deliverance. Winter came, and found him clothesless. Compelled to keep within the hut for days together, he only kept starvation at bay by catching sea-mews, as hungry as himself, by baited sticks thrust through the openings in the hovel's walls. So he kept himself alive until the accidental advent of the London-bound Flemish timber ship released him from his dreary durance.

Involuntary Crusoes have mostly become so from pure accident, but there are some instances to the contrary. Seaman Jeffrey, of H.M.S. *Recruit*, venturing to help himself to the captain's spruce beer, was punished by being set on shore on the uninhabited island of Sombrero. Doubtless Captain Lake repented the deed, when, on his return to the same latitude some two months afterward, the boat sent to bring the offender on board again returned with the report that he was nowhere to be found. At any rate, the captain had good cause to repent it a little later on, for, upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the admiral on the West Indian Station, Lake was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service. At home, Sir Francis Burdett brought the case before Parliament, and a search was instituted for the missing man, resulting in his being brought to England in October, 1809. He had lived on the rock of Sombrero for nine days, subsisting upon limpets and birds' eggs, when, luckily for all concerned, he was taken off by an American schooner, and landed at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

It might be supposed that a castaway would receive a brother unfortunate with open arms. It was not so with Pedro Serrano, when he caught sight of a man floating toward the island, still bearing his name, of which he had been undisturbed lord for nearly four years. He jumped to the conclusion that Satan had found him at last; while the new-comer was not a whit less horrified at seeing a creature as naked as Adam before the fall, with a beard reaching to his waist, and a body covered with bristles. When both had recovered their fright, Serrano, awaking to the duties of hospitality, placed the best food his limited larder afforded before his uninvited guest. For a little while the pair lived amicably together, but only for a little while. Then they dissolved partnership, and avoided each other, becoming reconciled again to embark as friends on board a ship which had been attracted to the island by their signal-fire. Pedro reached Spain, was presented to Charles the Fifth, pensioned by that monarch, and passed the remainder of his days in ease and comfort at Panama. His companion, less fortunate, died on the voyage.

Captain Barnard, a victim of ungrateful mistrust, found companionship in misery more troublesome than comforting. He commanded an American ship in 1814, and happened to be at New Island, in the Falklands, when an English ship was wrecked there, the crew and passengers, numbering thirty, getting safely to land. Captain Barnard took them all on board, intending to leave them at a Brazilian port, and, to obtain sufficient supplies, went on shore, with four of his men, on a hunting excursion. While he was so engaged, the English sailors, fearful of being carried to America as prisoners of war, cut the cable, and made off with the ship. The astonished skipper took the matter philosophically. He set his men to work at once to build a house of stone, strong enough to withstand the storms of winter. A small plantation of potatoes supplied the party with a fair substitute for bread, and by storing up albatross eggs, and catching a pig now and then, they contrived to live tolerably well, all things considered.

His companions, however, soon showed symptoms of insubordination, and at length, tired of the life they led, departed in the boat. Alone in his glory, the captain spent his time preparing clothes from the skins of seals, and collecting food for the winter, never omitting to ascend a hill once or twice a day on the chance of decrying a ship. After dwelling thus in solitude for some months, Barnard was rejoined by the runaways, who had found they could not get on without him. Their return was not an unmitigated blessing. One of them planned his murder, for which the captain had him conveyed to a small island in Quaker Harbor, and left there, until three months of his own society brought him to express penitence for his purposed crime. After this, things went smoothly, until an English whaler took the party off, and ended their two years' trial of Crusoeing on New Island.

In 1855, the *St. Abbs* was wrecked on a reef off San Juan de Nuova. Six of the eight-and-twenty people on board managed to get from the reef to a low flat island of sand, where they passed the night, after a supper on raw eggs, to find at daybreak that the *St. Abbs* had broken up, and that all who had stuck to her had perished. Thankful as they were for their escape, they had not much cause for rejoicing. Water was not to be had; and it was not until the fifth day that they succeeded in obtaining a fire, keeping themselves alive by feeding upon raw birds, sucking eggs, and drinking Champagne from the wreck. Every morning a visit was paid to the reef in the hope of picking up something eatable, but nothing save a few preserves rewarded their industry. At the end of a fortnight the castaways determined to attempt crossing the reef at low water, and reaching a larger island. The distance was seven miles, over sharp coral rocks—a hard road for shoeless men to travel; but they succeeded in dragging themselves, and a raft laden with their wine and spirits, to Juan de Nuova. They soon discovered a good well, and a hut built of bamboo and leaves. There were plenty of birds about, and they found some turtle made fast in a hut in the sea; so they fared comparatively well for another couple of weeks, when a small schooner, coming from Mahé for the turtle, observing their signals, came to their relief, and carried the six castaways safe and sound to Mahé, whence, in due time, they found their way home.

More unhappy were the experiences of Riddler and Henley, two seamen belonging to the Hull sloop *Chanticleer*, when that vessel was off the Patagonian coast, in October, 1867. Returning from an excursion on shore, their boat was driven out to sea by a gale, cast upon the rocks, and broken to pieces. Its occupants escaped much personal damage, but their clothes were torn to tatters, and all they had wherewith to comfort themselves on the snow-covered rock was an oilskin, a pair of blankets, and a few biscuits. The latter did not last them long, and then they had to be content with mussels and shell-fish. At the end of six weeks, one of them had lost his toes from the frost, and both were so worn out by hunger, cold, and exposure that hope died within their breasts, and they awaited death's coming with equanimity, having sworn to each other that let who would die first, the survivor would not turn cannibal. They had not made the agreement two hours, when deliverance came. The *Shearwater* passing near the rocks, the lookout thought he saw two savages on it; the captain thereupon ordered a boat to be lowered, and the poor fellows were soon in comfortable quarters, surrounded by sympathizing blue-jackets.

JACK AND THE MOUNTAIN PINK.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

YOUNG SELDEN was bored. Who was not bored among the men? It was the tense summer of '78. A forlorn band of refugees from the plague crowded a Nashville hotel. There was nothing for the men to do but to read the fever bulletins, play billiards in an insensate sort of way, and keep out of the way of the women crying over the papers.

Young Selden felt that another month of this sort of thing would leave him melancholy mad. So he jammed some things into a light bag and started off for a tramp over Cumberland Mountain.

"I envy you," said a decrepit old gentleman, with whom he was shaking hands in good-by. "I was brought up in the mountain country fifty years ago. Gay young buck I was! Go in, my boy, and make love to a mountain pink! Ah, those jolly, barefooted, melting girls! No corsets, no back hair, no bangs, by Heaven!"

It was the afternoon of a hot September day. Young Selden had started that morning from Bloomington Springs in the direction of the Window Cliff—a ridge of rocks from which he had been told a very fine view could be obtained. The road grew rougher and wilder, seeming to lose itself in hills, stumps, and fields, and was as hard to trace out as a *Bazar* pattern. He finally struck a foot-path leading to a log-cabin, where a very brown woman sat peacefully smoking in the doorway.

"Good-day," he said, taking off his hat.

The brown woman nodded in a friendly manner—the little short meaning nod of the mountains, that serves, so to speak, as the pro-word of these silent folk. Young Selden inquired the way to Window Cliff.

"You carn't git thar 's the crow flies," she drawled, slowly; "but I reckin my daughter k'n g'long with yer."

"Aha!" thought Selden—"a mountain pink!"

"Take a cheer," said the mother, rising and going within. He seated himself on the steps, and made friends with a dog or two.

A young girl soon appeared, tying on a sun-bonnet. She greeted him with a nod, the reproduction of her mother's, and drawled, in the same tone, "Reckin you couldn't git tu Winder Clift 'thout somebody to show you the way."

"And you will be my guide?"

"'F co'se."

They started off, young Selden talking airily. He soon felt, however, that he shouldn't make love to *this* mountain pink. To begin with, there was no pink about her. She was brown, like her mother.

"Coffee!" thought Selden, with a grim remembrance of a black muddy liquid he had drunk a few nights before at a log-cabin, over which the very babies smacked their lips.

Her eyes had the melancholy of a cow's, without the ruminative expression that gives sufficient intellectuality to a cow's sad gaze. To put it tersely, they looked stupid. Her mouth curled down a little at each corner. Her hair was not visible under her pea-green sun-bonnet. Her dress of whitish linsey was skimpy in its cut, and she wriggled in it as if it were a loose skin she was trying to get out of.

She was not a talker. She looked at Selden with big eyes, and listened impassively. He elicited from her that her name was Sincerity Hicks; that her mother was the widder Hicks, and there were no others in the family; that she had never been to school, but could read, only she had no books.

"Should you like some?"

"Dunno. 'Pears 's if thar's too much to do t' fool over books."

Perhaps because he had talked so much, young Selden began to get out of breath. They had crossed a field, climbed a fence, and were descending a great hill, breaking a path as they walked. He panted, and could hardly keep up with Sincerity, though she seemed not to walk fast. But she got over the ground with a light-footed agility that aroused his envy. It looked easy, but since he could not emulate her, he concluded that long practice had trained her walk to its perfection. He noticed, too, that she walked "parrot-footed," placing each new track in the impression of the other. Imitating this, awkwardly enough, he got on better.

Reaching the clear level at the bottom of the hill, he saw at a glance that he had penetrated to a wild and virginal heart of beauty. Like a rough water-fall melting into a silver-flowing river, the vexatious and shaggy hill sloped to a dreaming valley. Streams ran about, quietly as thoughts, over pale rocks. Calacanthus bushes, speckled with their ugly little red blooms, filled the air with a fragrance like that of crushed strawberries. Upspringing from this low level of prettiness rose the glory of the valley—the lordly, the magnificent birch-trees. Their topmost boughs brushed against the cliffs that shut in the valley on the opposite side. How fine these cliffs were! They rose up almost perpendicularly, and freed half way of their height from the thick growth of underbrush, stood out in bare, bold picturesqueness. Window Cliffs! Aha! these were the windows. Two wide spaces, square and clean-blown, framing always a picture—now a bit of hard blue sky; other times pink flushes of sunrise, or the voluptuous moon and peeping eyes of stars.

"Want ter go t' the top?" inquired Sincerity.

"I—dunno," rejoined Selden, lazily. Truth was, he did not wish to move. He liked the vast shadows, the cool deeps, the singing tones of the valley. Then he was sure he had a blister on his heel. Still, to come so far— "How long a walk is it?"

"Oh, jest a little piece—'bout a quarter."

"Up and away, then!" cried young Selden.

A long "quarter" he found that walk. They crossed the valley, climbed a fence, and dropped into a corn field to be hobbled over. Up and down those hideous little furrows—it was as sickening as tossing on a chopping sea. Selden stopped to rest. Sincerity, not a feather the worse, looked him over with mild patience.

"Lemme tote yo' haversack," she said.

"No, no," said the young man, with an honest blush. But he was reminded of a flask of brandy in his knapsack, of which he took a grateful swig.

"Now," said his guide, as, the corn field crossed, they emerged into forest—"now we begins to climb the mountain."

Selden groaned. He had thought himself nearly on a level with the Window Cliff. To this day that climb is an excruciating memory to young Selden. He thought of

"Johnny Schnapps,
Who bust his shtraps,"

and wondered if the disaster was not suffered in going up a mountain. He felt himself melting away with heat. He knew that his face was blazing like a Christmas pudding, and dripping like a roast on a spit. He resigned the attempt to keep up with Sincerity. When they started on this excruciating tramp, the droop of her pea-green sun-bonnet had seemed to him abject; now, he knew that it expressed only contempt—contempt for the weakling and the stranger.

But one gets to the top of most things by trying hard enough, and they gained at last the rough crags that commanded the valley.

Ah! the fair grand State! There was a spot for a blind man to receive sight! The young man drew a long breath as he gazed over the bewitching expanse. All so fresh, so unbreathed-on, the only hints of human life the little log-cabins perched about, harmonious as birds' nests amid their surroundings.

Sincerity Hicks stood fanning herself with the green sun-bonnet. There was something pretty about her, now that this disfigurement was removed. But a mountain pink—what a pretty implication in the name!—no.

"So this is Window Cliff?" he said. "And is there any particular name for that ledge yonder?"

"'Tis called Devil's Chimney, 'nd the cut between is Long Hungry Gap."

"Long Hungry Gap?—where have I heard that famished name? Oh yes, some of Peters's scouts. You know Peters?"

"Yaas, I've heerd tell o' Jim Peters."

Sincerity's drawl was not quickened, but Selden was surprised to see a light leap into her eyes as suddenly as a witch through a key-hole.

"These fellows had a room next to mine at the Bloomington Hotel," Selden went on, "and the walls are like paper, so I heard all they said."

"And what d' they say?"

"Well, that the Captain was up the country on a moonshine raid; but that they were on the track of something better—had heard of a 'powerful big still' up in Long Hungry Gap—and would mash it up as soon as the Captain got back."

"D' they say when Peters was expected?"

"The next day."

Sincerity tied on her bonnet.

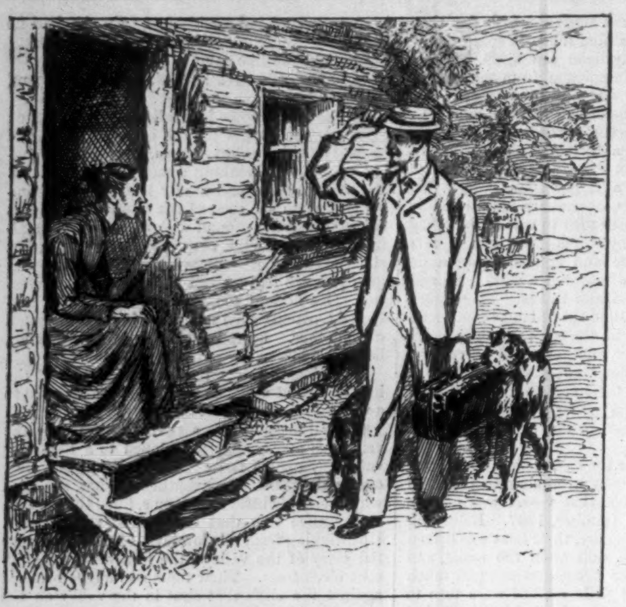
"Guess you kin find the way back," she remarked.

"Hello! what does this mean?"

"I've got somethin' t' attend to across the mounting."

"I'll go with you."

Sincerity stopped, and turned a serious face. "Likely 's not, you'll git hurt."



"'GOOD-DAY,' HE SAID, TAKING OFF HIS HAT."

"Oho! I'm *in*, if there's any chance of a scrimmage. Go ahead."

She did go ahead. If the path had been vexatious before, now it was revengeful and aggressive. In fact, there was no path. But Sincerity, like love, found out a way. Suddenly, like a comic mask popped on a friend's face, something sinister and strange burst upon them through the familiar woods. Or, rather, they burst upon it—a wild-cat still, securely sheltered under an innocent combination of rocks, ferns, and magnolia-trees.

Four or five wild-looking fellows sprang up, their hands on their rifles.

"None o' yo' shootin'," said Sincerity Hicks; "he's a friend."

"Sho he ain't a spy? 'Cause if that's the case, mister, you'll stay in these woods face down."

"My impetuous moonshiner, I don't call myself the friend of you law-breakers, but I'm no spy. I brought the news to the faithful Sincerity of Captain Peters being on your track."

Hurried questions were asked and answered. Several resolute voices suggested to fight it out, but all seemed to await the decision of an old man they called Jack, who leaned against a tub, with a touching expression of meekness under unmerited ill luck.

"No, boys," he said; "we ain't strong enough. But we'll run off what we can. Save the copper—we'll never git another so big an' satisfactory—an' the mash tun, an' as many of the tubs 's you can git off."

It was like a transformation scene. Things seemed to fly to pieces all at once, like a bombshell. The great copper still was hoisted on the shoulders of two or three men; the worm, the mash tun, the coolers, were taken down with celerity, and the unlucky moonshiners made off through the woods.

"Reckin th' rest 'll have ter go," said Jack, pensively; "but tell you what, Sincerity Hicks, seems 's if I couldn't b'ar to have 'em git th' old sow an' her pigs."

"Run 'em off."

"They're too young, honey. Come 'ere."

He led to a mimosa-tree behind a rock; and under its sensitive shade reposed like Father Nile a portly porcine mother, overrun with little pink blind pigs.

"Ain't you got a spar' tub?" asked the girl.

His face lighted. "I catches," he said, gently.

He brought an empty whiskey puncheon, and covered the bottom with straw. Then he lifted the pink pigs into it, assisted by Sincerity and the elegant Selden.

The mother squealed. "Stuff her mouth," ordered the old man.

Sincerity thrust an ear of corn into the open jaws.

"Now," said Jack, "I'll run briefly through the woods, a-toting this, an' the old sow she'll follow—"

"No, you don't, Jack Boddy," said a quiet voice. "Smell o' that."

The ugly end of a rifle protruded itself. A Tennessee giant leaned against the rock. Peters? Of course it was Peters. What other man had that easy swagger, three feet of black beard, and as wide a grin in saying checkmate?

Jack Boddy smiled innocently.

"Why, Captain, you see me jest attendin' to a litter o' pigs o' mine."

"Yes, I see. An' my men is attendin' to some pigs o' yourn. Walk out, old 'coon."

Peters's scouts were destroying all that was left of the mountain still.

"Whar's the others?" asked one of the men.

"I run this here still all by myself," said Jack, with an air of ingenuous pride.

"What a lie!" said the Captain. "Have you cut his copper boiler, boys?"

"'Tain't here."

"Whar's your copper, Jack?"

"Gone to heaven," said Jack, rolling his eyes.

"You can't make anything out o' Jack Boddy," said a scout, grinning.

"Well, I've got you, anyhow," cried the Captain—

"An' the oldest one in the business, Jim."

"—an' I'll ketch the rest in time. Come on, boys. We'll stop at the widder Hicks's to-night. Can your mother put us up, sissy?"

"Dunno," said Sincerity.

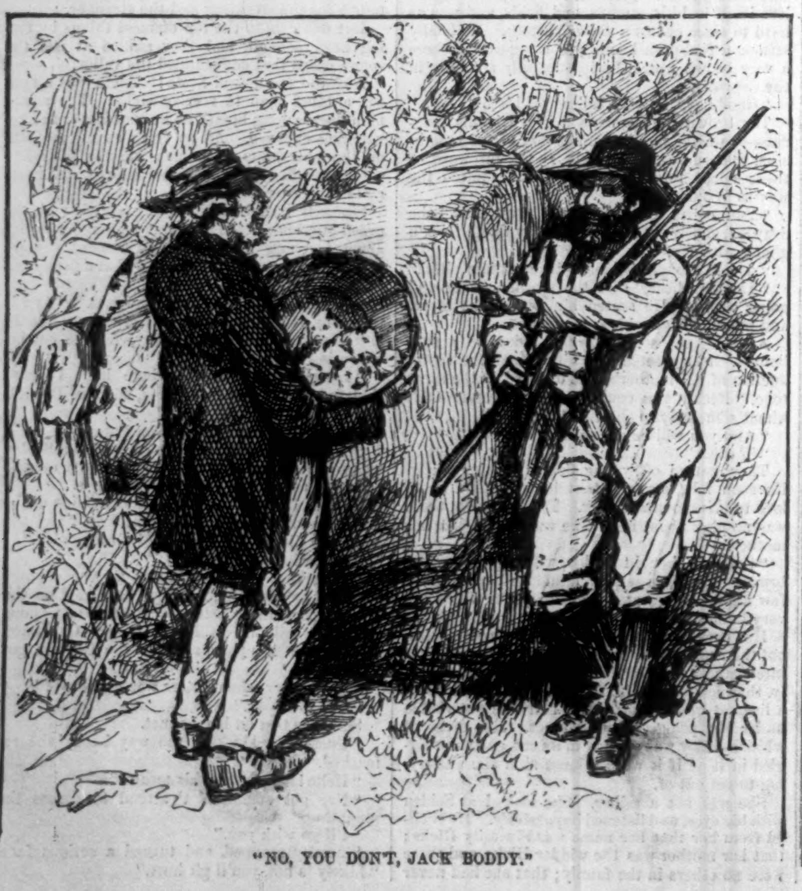
"Mighty know-nothin' all of a sudden." And turning to Selden: "You're a stranger, I see, mister. On the cirkit?"

"Not at all; only a traveller. Climbed the Window Cliff, and stumbled over here."

"F' you'd been in these parts a year or so ago," said an old man, relieving his mouth of the white whiskers he was chewing, "you'd 'a seen a sight o' stills. They were thick as weevils in flour. But a man of might arose in the land, and he cleared 'em out."

"Peters, I suppose?"

"Yessir—James Cook Peters, whose name ought to be Gideon, the sword of the Lord; formerly an ignorant blacksmith of Tipper County, but advanced, by the grace of God an' the ap-p'intment of gov'ment, to bust wild-cat stills, an' flood the earth with hot whiskey a-steamin' from the vats."



"NO, YOU DON'T, JACK BODDY."

"Any—er—murderin' involved in the blacksmithin' trade?" inquired Jack Boddy, with a casual air of interest.

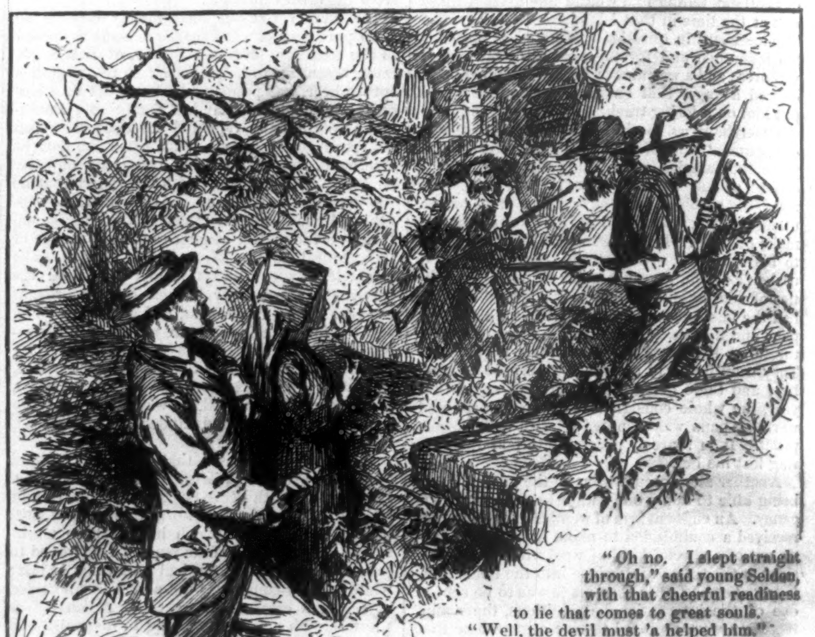
Captain Peters turned an angry red, but said nothing.

"Becaze," continued the artless old man, "it's a pretty bloody business you've took up now. How many men have you killed? Five, I b'lieve, with your own hand, an' twenty-one with yer men."

"It was a fair fight," said the Captain. "I killed 'em honorable, an' was acquitted by the laws o' my country."

"And though their numbers should be seventy times seven," said the white-haired satellite of the Captain, "and the land run with blood, this thing has got to be put a stop to."

"Look a-here, James Riggs," said Jack, "this here moonshinin' is jest like a wriggle-worm. Don't you know, howsoever many pieces you chop 'em into, a fresh head 'll grow, an' a new worm swim away? Tell you, you can't stop moonshinin' 's long's there's an honest man in Old Hickory's State."



"'NONE O' YO' SHOOTIN',' SAID SINCERITY."

"The Lord commanded, and the sun stood still," said James Riggs; "'twon't be no harder job 'n that."

As they talked, they were descending the mountain. The noble Jack, alas! was handcuffed, and guarded between two men. From time to time he scratched his head against the end of a rifle that was nearer his ear than some men would have liked. Evidently, though open to reproach, Mr. Boddy was a knight without fear.

The widow Hicks manifested no surprise at the coming of her guests. They found her with her hands plunged into a great tray of meal and water—enough to make hoe-cake for a regiment.

"Hurry up with supper, old woman," said Captain Peters. "I'm dead tired. I rid all last night, an' ain't slept for three nights runnin'."

At supper he could hardly keep his eyes open. "I'll turn in right off," he said.

There were some preliminaries to be gone through with—not of prayers or undressing, however. The Captain eyed his prisoner thoughtfully, and remarked, "B'lieve they call you Slippery Jack?"

"I am kind of hard to hold," said Mr. Boddy, with a modest twinkle.

"So!"

Another moment, and Jack was tightly bound by a tight rope around the Captain's own body. "I reckon you don't git away to-night."

"Dunno!" said Jack.

The cabin had two rooms. In one the widow, Sincerity, and Mr. James Riggs went to bed. Mr. Boddy and the Captain occupied the one bed in the other. A third of it was offered young Selden, but he preferred a blanket and the floor. The scouts were divided, and guarded doors and windows.

Young Selden could not sleep. The wild novelty of the situation excited him, and his aching limbs made him toss uneasily. A little fire smouldered on the hearth, and big shapeless shadows clutched at each other in the corners. Plenty of sounds broke the silence. The Captain, happy in having made a Siamese twin of Slippery Jack, snored as if he were choking to death. The guards talked and jested roughly. A whip-poor-will's three wild notes sounded just above the roof. He wondered if Jack was asleep. No; there was a slight alert movement of his body, and young Selden caught the gleam of a wild blue eye under a shaggy eyebrow. With perceptions sharpened, intensified, Selden waited for he knew not what. Mr. Boddy's eye rolled upward—and what! a wilder, brighter eye, a star, shone with answering ray through a crevice in the roof. The crevice widened; other stars stole in sight. Selden felt as if his senses were leaving him. Now the crevice was obscured; and now something shining, glimmering, and cold as the light of eye or star, protruded itself cautiously as peeping mouse through the hole in the roof. It was the point of an open knife.

Selden almost sprang to his feet. Was he to witness murder? But somehow he trusted Jack Boddy—and he waited.

The knife was affixed to a knotted rope. It soon dangled within reach of Mr. Boddy's hand. And the sly moonshiner, with a silent grin at the sleeping Captain, cut the ropes that bound them together. Then hand over hand, lightly as a sailor, he climbed the rope, slipped through the opening, and was gone,

"Over the hills, and far away."

Young Selden wanted to shout. But he contented himself with a quiet chuckle, and went to sleep.

He was awakened in the morning by blue-blaze swearing. The Captain was foaming at the mouth, James Riggs was wiping his eyes with a blue handkerchief, and the scouts were swearing by all that was blessed or damned that they had not closed their eyes.

"How is it with you, stranger?" said Captain Peters. "Did you see or hear anything?"

"Oh no. I slept straight through," said young Selden, with that cheerful readiness to lie that comes to great souls.

"Well, the devil must 'a helped him."

"Lor, boys," said the widow Hicks, with a slight twitch at the corners of her mouth, "you know Jack Boddy is a powerful cunnin' man—slippery as an eel."

"Jest let me get these hands once more—jes' *once* more!"

"S'pose you'd kill him, wouldn't you?" said the widow, sweetly. "Lor, now, I s'pose you don't make no more of killin' a man 'n I do of wringin' a chicken's neck?"

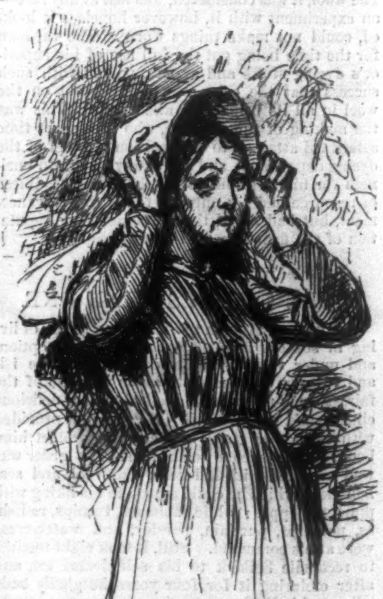
"Don't excite him," implored James Riggs; "he's powerful plagued over this misfortune."

"Come to breakfast," said the widow. "I won't make no laughin'-stawk of him 'f I can help it."

"Damnation!" said the Captain.

As for Sincerity Hicks, she looked as stolid as a wooden Indian. Selden pressed some money in her hand at parting, and whispered, "My dear girl, I was delighted; you climb like a cat."

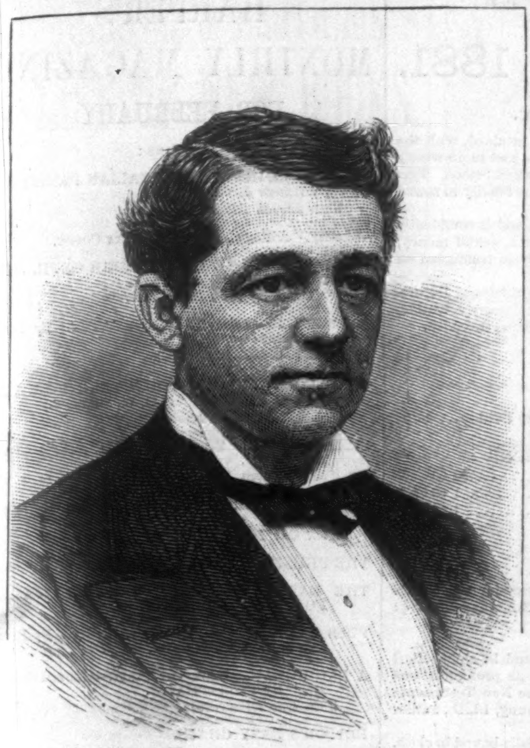
"Guess this 'll be good for some blue beads," she said, without moving a muscle; "I've been a-wantin' some a right smart while."



A "MOUNTAIN PINK."

Young Selden shook with silent laughter as he strode away.

"A mountain pink," he murmured. "Oh no, a bean stalk—a Cumberland bean stalk."



NATHAN GOFF, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
Photographed by Bendann.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

General Nathan Goff, who was nominated recently by President **Hayes** as Secretary of the Navy, and confirmed the same day by a unanimous vote, belongs to a wealthy and influential family of Clarksburg, West Virginia, where he was born in 1836. He was educated as a lawyer, and at the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the Union army, and was appointed Colonel of the Third West Virginia Infantry. He served in the brigade commanded by Colonel (now President) **Hayes**. He made an excellent record, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General for distinguished services. He has always been an earnest and consistent Republican, and in all the political campaigns in his native State he has taken an active part, and done good work. Several years ago he ran for Congress, and came within 200 votes of being elected. In 1876 he was a candidate for Governor, and although unsuccessful, his name upon the ticket, and his personal efforts during the canvass, added greatly to the strength and standing of his party in the State. He was appointed District Attorney for West Virginia by President **Grant** in 1873, and was re-appointed by President **Hayes** in 1877. His popularity is not confined to his own party. This is shown by the fact that the two Democratic Senators from West Virginia approved his nomination, and asked for the immediate and favorable action of the Senate.

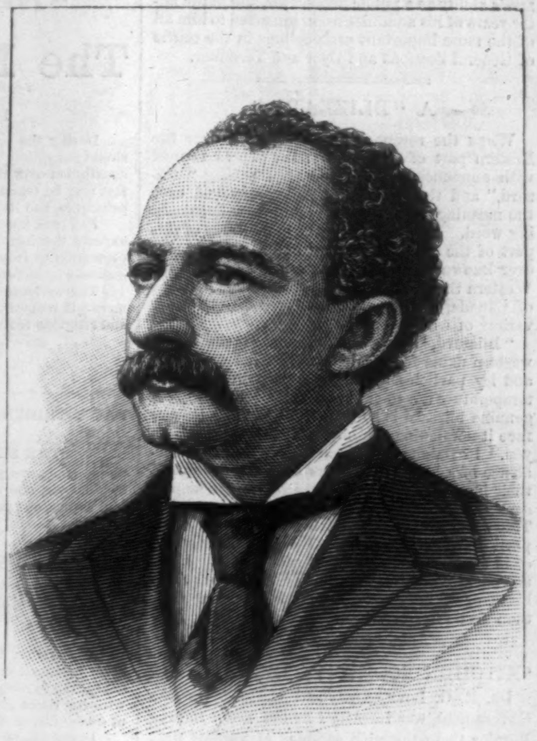
General **Goff** suffered many hardships during the war. In February, 1864, he was captured and thrown into Libby Prison, where he and six other officers were held as hostages for the lives of seven Confederate soldiers who had been sentenced to death as spies. One of his fellow-prisoners, Colonel **Markbreit**, of Cincinnati, in some reminiscences given to the *Enquirer* of that city, describes their sufferings as almost intolerable. For seventy-seven days they remained in suspense as to their fate. During that time the General displayed wonderful nerve and courage.

"Some of the men," says the Colonel, "were quarrelling a good deal, but I never heard **Goff** have a cross word with any one. Our situation was at times most pitiful. We had nothing to eat but half a loaf of corn-bread each and a few black beans. I remember one day we caught two big rats, and after they were skinned, some negroes cooked them, and smuggled them in to us. It was one of the best dinners, so we thought, we had ever enjoyed. On the 19th of July, we were transferred to the Salisbury (North Carolina) Military Penitentiary. We went by cattle cars, the trip consuming three days and nights. All the murderers and thieves of the South were confined in the prison, and we were compelled to come in constant contact with them." The rebel spies were not shot, and a month later **Goff** was exchanged, and returned home. He owed his release to the intervention of his family. His father went to Washington and personally pleaded with President **Lincoln**, and would not leave the capital until the President had promised to grant his petition.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY ROLLINS.

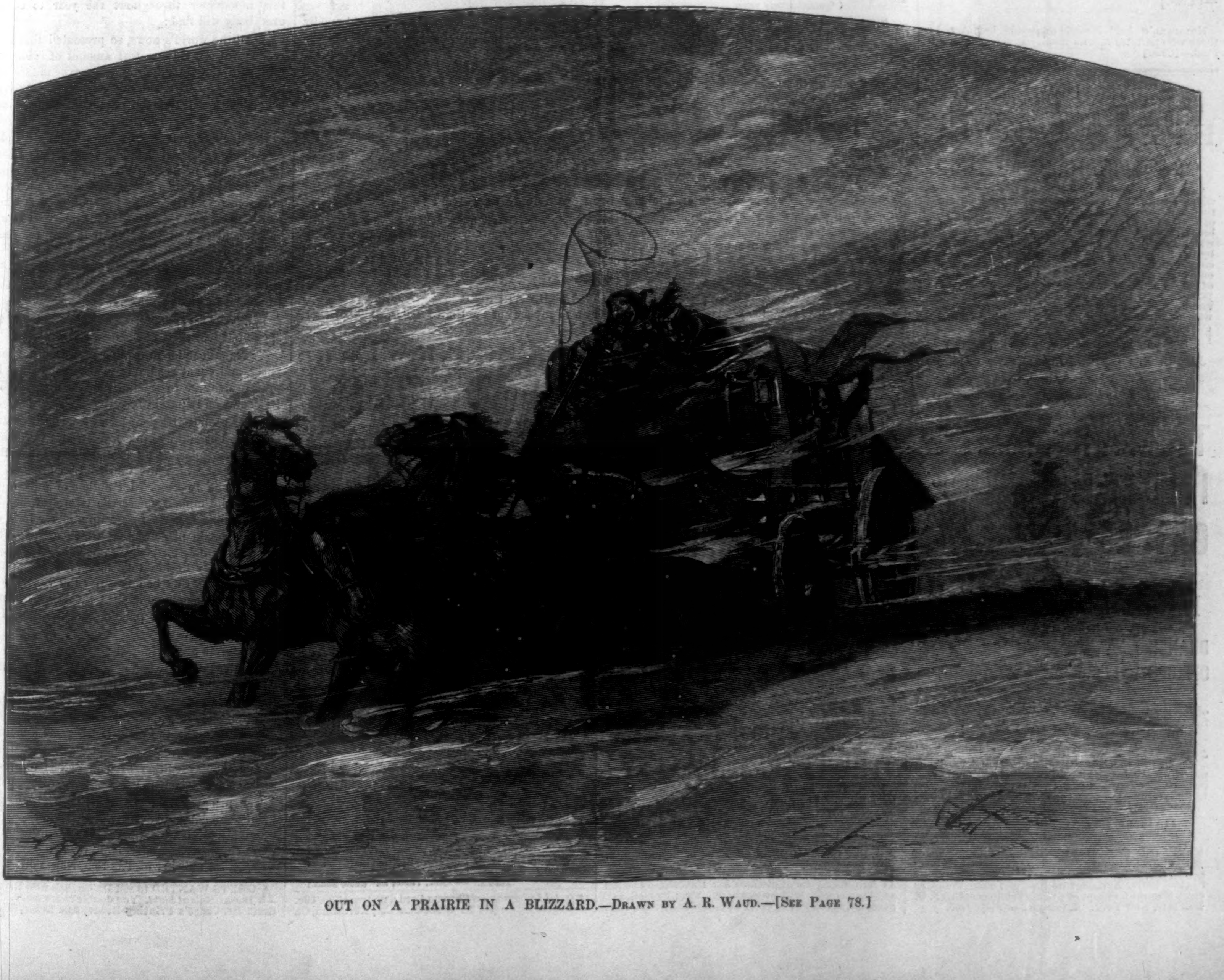
The appointment by the Governor of Mr. **Daniel G. Rollins** to the office of District Attorney of the City and County of New York, for the unexpired term of the late Mr. **Phelps**, is regarded with general satisfaction by the community, without respect of politics. The integrity of his character, the marked ability that has distinguished him as a criminal lawyer, and, more than all, his familiarity with the duties of the position, acquired in a service of eight years as Assistant District Attorney, furnish excellent reasons for his promotion to the responsible place so well filled by his predecessor.

Mr. **Rollins** is a native of Great Falls, New Hampshire, where he was born in 1842. His father was the Judge of Probate of Stratford County, in that State, and was a very popular man. Young **Rollins** was a very bright boy. Having finished his early schooling in his native village, he entered Dartmouth College, where he was graduated before reaching his eighteenth year. He was salutatorian of his class, and among his fellow-graduates were: **Cecil Bancroft**, the present head of Phillips Academy, at Andover, Massachusetts; **Albert S. Beekmore**, head of the Museum of Natural History in this city; **George H. Chandler** (brother of Professor **William E. Chandler**, of this city), a prominent lawyer of Baltimore; **Frederick Chase**, Treasurer of Dartmouth College; the Rev. **Arthur Little**, D.D., of Chicago; and **Henry A. Morrill**, formerly City Solicitor of Cincinnati.



DANIEL G. ROLLINS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
Photographed by Kurtz.

Mr. **Rollins** studied law in the Harvard Law School, and graduated in 1862. He was admitted to the bar of New Hampshire in 1863, and practiced his profession in Portland, Maine. In 1866 he came to this city, and accepted the appointment of Assistant United States District Attorney under **Daniel S. Dickinson**, and retained the position during the subsequent administrations of United States District Attorneys **Courtney** and **Pierrepont**. While occupying this position, Mr. **Rollins** formed the acquaintance of the late District Attorney **Phelps**, who was also an assistant in the office of the United States District Attorney, and an intimacy was formed between the two which in subsequent years ripened into the warmest personal friendship. In 1869, Mr. **Rollins** returned to private practice as a member of the law firm of which Mr. **Thomas Harland** was the other partner. He practiced extensively in the United States courts until January 1, 1873, when, at the request of Mr. **Phelps**, who then took office, he accepted the position of Assistant District Attorney—a position which he has since held uninterruptedly. Mr. **Phelps** had great confidence in Mr. **Rol-**



OUT ON A PRAIRIE IN A BLIZZARD.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 78.]

LINS's ability as a public prosecutor, and in the latter years of his administration intrusted to him all of the more important prosecutions in the courts of General Sessions and Oyer and Terminer.

A "BLIZZARD."

When the recent cold snap spread over the Eastern part of the country, the papers teemed with announcements of the approaching "blizzard," and thousands of people wondered over the meaning of this strange and mysterious-looking word. Fortunately for the inhabitants of this part of the country, nothing like a blizzard was ever known here. It is a storm peculiar to the Western States and Territories and some portions of Canada, and exceeds in severity every other variety of winter tempest.

"Blizzard," says a Dakota man, "is the Northwestern name for a gale of wind filled with snow and icy particles as fine as rice powder, with a temperature ten to twenty degrees below zero. A genuine blizzard is so fierce that you can neither face it nor distinguish objects ten feet away from you. In Dakota and Minnesota, during the prevalence of a blizzard, farmers only venture out of their houses with guiding ropes around their persons to enable them to find their way back." The worst storm of sleet ever known in other portions of the country was like a summer shower in comparison with this furious blast. Many travellers perish on the prairies during its prevalence, or, if they escape with life, endure more than arctic horrors.

"KITCHEN ECONOMY"—EXPLAINED.

Dr. E. G. Love, Analytical Chemist for the Government, was furnished by the Royal Baking Powder Company with samples of various Baking Powders, and we are authorized by him to state that he was directed by them to ascertain only the available gas and the commercial value of each of said powders; that he did not examine as whether the powders were made from Cream Tartar or other substances; and that he had nothing whatever to do with classifying one as a Cream Tartar and another as a Phosphate powder, as they have appeared in the articles denominated "Kitchen Economy," published in the various newspapers, apparently with his approval.

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The New York Tribune for 1881.

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For 1881, The Tribune will try to deserve equally well of the public. It will labor for, and it confidently expects the incoming Administration to promote, a free and fair suffrage, South and North, sound money, protection to Home Industry, judicious liberality in Internal Improvements, and a Civil Service conducted on business principles, on the theory of elevating, not of ignoring or degrading politics.

The well-known special features of The Tribune will be sedulously maintained. Its Agricultural Department will remain the fullest and best. The Household and the Young Folks' Departments, the literary, scientific, and religious features, the standard market reports, will all be kept up, and, as opportunity offers, extended.

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THE TRIBUNE PREMIUMS.

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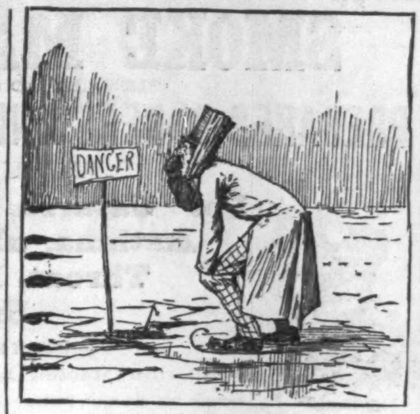

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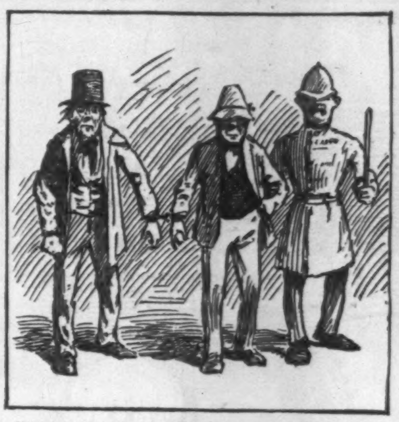

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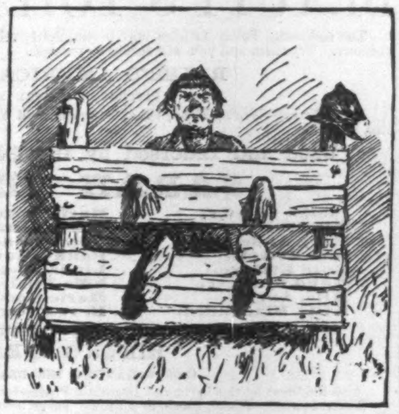

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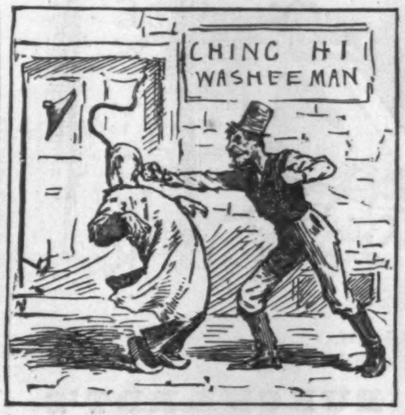

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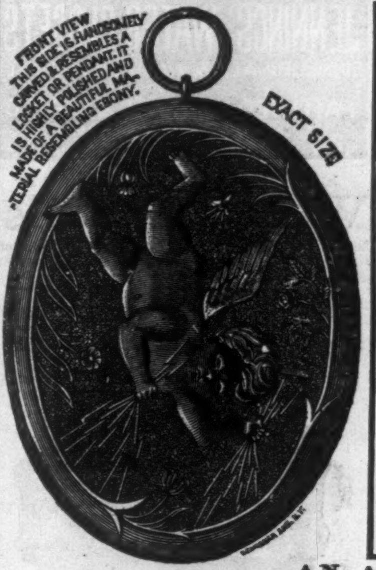
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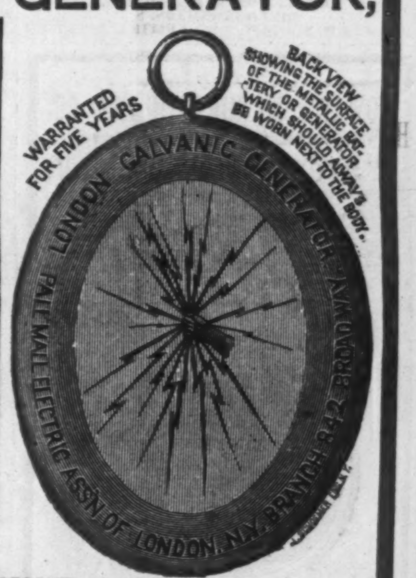
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